

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.

BROKER BROWN'S BOY OR A TOUGH LAD FROM MISSOURI

*(A WALL STREET STORY)**AND OTHER STORIES**By A Self-Made Man*

"Come along, mister, step out. You're wanted in the office," said the boy, tightening his grip on the chap's arm and collar. "Oh, I say, let me go!" protested the man. "I'll let you go when I get you inside."

to him.



FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Broker Brown's Boy

OR, A TOUGH LAD FROM MISSOURI

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Lad From Missouri.

"I wonder who that tough-looking fellow is?" said Dick Oliver to Sam Swett, as they passed a husky boy with a swarthy face, bound into the Stock Exchange as they passed out. "He appears to be somebody's messenger."

"That chap? He's Broker George Brown's new boy. His name is Harvey Birch, and he's from Missouri," said Sam.

"From Missouri, eh? What part of Missouri—St. Louis?"

"No; from the interior of the State."

"How did you get your information about him?"

"Our office is in the same corridor as Brown's. One of his people told our margin clerk, and he told me."

"Do you know what brought him East to Wall Street?"

"His father sent him on to Brown to make a broker of him."

"That's pretty good! His father must have a pull with Brown."

"I couldn't say anything about that."

The two boys separated at the corner of Broad and Wall, each going his own way. In the meanwhile the subject of their conversation delivered a note to Mr. Brown from his cashier and then left the Exchange. By the time we introduce him to the reader he was as familiar with New York as many boys born and brought up there—that is, in a general way. With this introduction we will follow Harvey back to his office, where he reported to the cashier and sat down to await further call on his services. A minutes later a red-headed messenger, named Casey, who worked for a New street broker named Allen, came gliding into the office.

"What do you want?" asked Harvey, going up to him.

Casey looked at the Missouri boy in a supercilious way. The visitor had worked in Wall Street for four years, and he sometimes acted as if he owned it. He had heard that Broker Brown had taken on a new boy, and had seen Harvey several times on the street and at the Exchange, and for some reason he was not disposed to be friendly toward the newcomer. Possibly he objected to new boys breaking into the Wall Street messenger ranks, unless they took off their hats to him.

"Why don't you say 'sir,' you lobster?" replied Casey. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, but I think a whole lot of you from the way you act," returned Harvey. "What's your business?"

"You're cocky for a new thing," sneered Casey. "What you need is a dressing down to show you your place. Well, my name is Tim Casey, and I was raised in the Fourth Ward. I don't take sass from anybody. Get me?" and he snapped his fingers under Harvey's nose.

"Neither do I," replied the Westerner calmly, grabbing the chunky form of the visitor by the arm, swinging him around and then seizing him by the collar of his jacket and the waistband of his trousers he ran him over to the door with perfect ease, in spite of the Fourth Warder's strenuous objection to the treatment.

Opening the door, Birch fired him bodily into the corridor and shut the door upon him. This performance naturally attracted the attention of the half a dozen customers in the rooms as well as that of the cashier.

"What's the trouble, Birch?" he asked the boy.

"He tried to start trouble with me, and I sat down on him," replied Harvey.

Here the door opened and Casey came breathing fire and brimstone.

"Just you wait till I catch you outside, you fresh guy, and I'll put it all over you for keeps!" he roared fiercely.

Then he stepped up to the cashier's window and shoved in a note.

"I want an answer," he said, in a surly way.

Harvey returned to his seat without taking any further notice of him, while the cashier opened the note, read it, wrote an answer on a pad, inclosed it in an envelope, addressed and handed it to him. Casey took the envelope, went to the door, turned as he opened it and shook his fist in a threatening way at Broker Brown's boy. This bit of antagonistic pantomime didn't raise a hair on Harvey. All he did was to take a good look at Casey for future use. He picked up a Wall Street daily and began looking it over, and five minutes later the cashier sent him out again.

Harvey had made a good impression at the office because he wasted no time on his errands. Neither did he make any mistakes, as might be expected of a new boy. He always made sure where he was going, and who he was to see, and whether he was to get an answer or not, and then he went direct to his destination and executed

his errand, after which he hurried straight back. That is what all the brokers liked in their boys, and in justice to the messenger fraternity as a body, that is what their employers received. But there are exceptions to every rule, and the exceptions, as a general thing, do not last in Wall Street. The business transacted in the financial district is too important to be slighted, anyway, and when an office boy is observed to be getting careless he is warned, and if that fails to produce results, he is fired.

Harvey was back again in a short time with an answer, which he handed to the cashier. He was sent out again almost immediately, and so he was kept on the jump up to nearly three o'clock, when the cashier handed him the bank book, bloated out with bills and checks, and told him to take it to the bank and make the day's deposit. When he got back to the office the cashier told him that Mr. Brown wanted to see him, so he went into the private room.

"Here's a letter I wish you to take up to Watson & Co., ship chandlers, on South street, this side of the Brooklyn Bridge. Do you think you can find the place?"

"South street runs along the East River, does it not?"

"Yes."

"Then I can't miss the place, for the street has only one side to it, and I know where the Brooklyn Bridge is."

"Sit down a moment; I have another errand for you to execute in the same direction."

Harvey sat down and Broker Brown pushed a button, which brought in Miss Terry, the stenographer. Brown dictated a note and the girl went back to her den to typewrite it. As she passed outside a man, fairly well dressed, came in, unannounced.

"I want to see you, Mr. Brown," he said aggressively.

"Well?" said the broker, eyeing him unfavorably.

"There's the statement I got from your cashier, closing out my account," said the man, slamming it down on the desk.

Brown glanced at it.

"What's the matter with it? Isn't it right?"

"No, it isn't right. I bought 100 shares of Southern Railway at 116. I found out that it went to 126 at two o'clock; this statement says it only went to 121. You have skinned me out of half my profits. I'm not going to stand for that kind of thing. I want what is coming to me—the other \$500."

"You appear to forget that you met me on Broad street at half-past eleven and told me to sell your stock at the market. I made a memorandum of your order on a pad and you signed it. If your memory fails you, my cashier will show you the order. At the time you instructed me to sell Southern Railway was going 121. I sold it for you at that price. If you had waited till two o'clock you would have doubled your profit. It isn't my fault if you sold out too soon. Had I had any good reason for believing that Southern Railway would go five points, or three points, higher, I might have advised you to hold off. The rise was, I think, generally unexpected. In any event, you have no cause to find fault with

me. I carried out your orders, and, as a broker, that is all that can be expected of me."

"I don't believe you sold my stock at 121. I believe you told your cashier to record it as sold, and you have pocketed the other \$500 yourself."

Such a statement as that was practically an insult, and Broker Brown requested his visitor to leave his office.

"I'll leave when you pay me the other \$500, and I'll never come near you again. I've often heard you brokers were skins, but I never was sure of it till now!" cried the man angrily.

"Harvey," said Brown, "show this gentleman out."

"What's that? Show me out before you settle with me? I won't go!" cried the visitor.

"Hand him his statement," said Brown, passing the paper to his messenger.

"Here's your statement, sir. Mr. Brown requests you to leave the room, so I think you had better do it," said Harvey.

"Don't talk to me, you young whippersnapper! Keep your oar out of my business!"

"If you refuse to go peaceably, Mr. Gregory, I'll have to call in a clerk to help my boy put you out. You have been guilty of a highly insulting remark—a reflection on my business honor—which any broker would resent as impertinent and uncalled for on your part. After that I shall hereafter refuse to do any business with you."

"You refuse to pay me that \$500 you have defrauded me of?"

"Whatever that statement calls for is all you are entitled to, and all you will get. Now leave at once."

"Not before I take satisfaction out of you," said the man. "You have cheated me, and I shall blow the roof off your head, no matter what the consequences are to me."

With those words he whisked out a revolver and pointed it at the broker. Whether he meant to carry out his threat or only attempt a bluff was never known. Harvey saw the glint of the weapon, grabbed him around the neck and swung him away from his employer's desk. Then he tripped him up and grabbed the hand that held the weapon. It was at that moment the stenographer entered the room with the note for Mr. Brown to sign. She uttered an ejaculation of alarm.

"Miss Terry, send in two of the clerks, please," said Mr. Brown.

Before she could turn around the revolver went off in the visitor's hand, and the bullet shattered the glass and perforated a handsome water color picture on the wall. The girl uttered a scream of alarm. Her scream and the report of the weapon brought the whole office force running in to see what had happened. The occupants of the corridor were also startled, and some of them came into the office in a hurry. Harvey had the man pretty well in hand, but he could not do more than to prevent him from getting up.

Broker Brown ordered his cashier to help Harvey secure the objectionable visitor. One of the clerks got a towel and tied his hands behind his back, after which he was seated on the sofa.

"Shall I telephone for a policeman?" asked the cashier.

"One moment," said the broker. "Now look

here, Mr. Gregory, you have made yourself amenable to the law. You have drawn a gun on me, and that's a State's prison offence. But I have no wish to disgrace you any more than you have disgraced yourself. If you will promise to behave yourself, and go away, as you should have done when I asked you to, I'll let up on you and will make no charge against you."

The visitor promised, for he realized that he had put himself in a bad hole, so he was released, and he left the office quite docilely.

"You're a plucky boy, Harvey," said Brown, when it was all over and the clerks had returned to their duties. "You may have saved my life, for there is no saying what that man might have done when blinded by his unreasoning anger. Half of the crimes in the world are committed on the spur of the moment, but that does not excuse their commission. I feel indebted to you, and depend on it I won't forget it."

Mr. Brown then handed Harvey the note and told him to leave it at the address written on it, which the boy promised to do, and started on his double errand. His first errand took him to Hanover street, near Wall; and, having left the note with the gentleman to whom it was addressed, he started for South street. Reaching that thoroughfare, he passed along the west side of it—the side lined with buildings. After walking several blocks he came to the store of Watson & Co., ship chandlers, and walked in.

He asked for Mr. Watson and was told to go back to the counting room. He delivered his note to the head of the firm, and as there was no answer he left and kept on up the street, passing under the bridge. He was off for the day, and was at liberty to go home. He often passed Sam Swett in the corridor and on the street, but neither had spoken to the other. Next day, however, they became acquainted. Harvey carried a note in to Sam's boss, William Haley, about noon. Sam told him that Mr. Haley was engaged and he'd have to wait a few minutes.

"All right," said Harvey.

"You haven't been long with Brown?" said Sam.

"Only a month."

"I heard you came from Missouri?"

"I did. Who told you?"

Sam explained how he acquired the information.

"Your father owns a big farm where you came from, I heard."

"That's right."

"Well, Birch, seeing as we're close together here, we ought to be friends."

"I have no objection to that. What's your name?"

"Sam Swett. I live up in Harlem. Where are you hanging out?"

Harvey told him.

"How do you like it at the boarding house?"

"First rate."

"Many boarders there?"

"Quite a number."

"How do you like New York as far as you've got?"

"I rather like it. Seems to be plenty of life here."

"I should say. New York is the liveliest place I know of. Move out of it, and you feel as if

you were dead. I suppose you find running errands in Wall Street a good bit different to working on a farm."

"I do. I'm glad I came here."

"Hope to go back rich?"

"Hardly. It takes all my wages to pay my expenses. Dad, however, allows me \$5 for spending money."

"He does? You're lucky. Want to know how to make some extra money?"

"Yes. Can you show me how to do it?"

"Save up till you get \$50, then go around to the little bank on Nassau street and buy some good stock on margin. You can carry five shares for that. You want to pick out a stock that's going up. Go long on it. Watch it closely, and when it looks as if it was going to drop, sell out and collect your profit. I've made \$200 that way, and expect to make \$1,000 in the course of time."

Harvey was impressed by Sam's suggestion.

"I should like to try it after I get the hang of how the market runs," he said. "I wouldn't have to save up \$50. I could strike my dad for it and he'd send it to me."

"Your father must be liberal-minded. Most farmers look at a dollar several times before they let go of it."

"Well, my dad makes plenty of money off the farm and he isn't mean about spending it. Last winter he bought my sister a new piano, and he bought mother a set of furs that made folks stare. He's going to buy a high power touring car this spring, and I wouldn't be surprised if he and mother came on in it here to see me."

"Gee! Your father is quite a sport, isn't he?" grinned Sam.

"He's all to the good."

"Expect to become a broker some day?"

"I might if it didn't take too much capital."

"Fifty thousand might give you a start, but if you did much business you'd need a lot more. Brokers have to pay outright for the stocks they purchase for their customers. Suppose a customer ordered 1,000 shares of A. & C. on margin, and the price of the stock was 90. He'd have to put up \$10,000 deposit and you'd have to advance the rest, or \$80,000. Of course, you could borrow sixty per cent. or so of the value of the stock at your bank, but it would take about \$25,000 of your own money to swing the deal, anyway. And that would be only one customer out of a bunch you did business for. Of course, everybody does not buy stock on margin. Conservative people usually steer clear of marginal deals and buy only what they can pay outright for."

"You seem to know a lot about Wall Street. How long have you been working down here?"

"About two years or more."

"Expect to be a broker yourself?"

"Hardly. There's no money in our family, and you can't be a broker without capital."

"Get a partner with money. You could furnish the experience."

At that moment Sam's visitor departed and Harvey was shown into his room. In a couple of minutes he came out with an answer in his hand. He nodded to Sam and passed out. After that the boys became good friends.

CHAPTER II.—Harvey's First Deal.

Sam's suggestion about speculating through the little bank on Nassau street was not lost on Harvey. He was more than willing to make some extra money if it could be done, but he felt that he hardly knew enough about the stock market to dabble in stocks. However, he thought it would not be amiss to secure the money necessary to make a beginning when the time came, so when next he wrote to his father he asked him to send him \$100 for a special purpose.

Birch, Sr., sent it without asking any questions, in the shape of two money orders, which the boy duly collected. In the meanwhile he cultivated Sam's society and asked for more information about speculating. Sam told him a lot, described the various deals he had engaged in, and mentioned a number of messengers who had made a bunch of money through marginal speculation. Sam introduced him to one of those lads, and the lucky lad said it was as easy to make money in Wall Street as to roll off a log; that is, if you know how to do it.

As Harvey had to admit that he hadn't been in Wall Street long enough to know how to do it, he concluded he would study the matter up. So after that he began watching the stock report every day, and taking notice of the rise and fall of the various stocks. At Sam's suggestion he made a practice of reading over, at every chance, one of the daily Wall Street dailies, as well as an important financial weekly. In this way Harvey acquired a lot more information about the district than he could have picked up in any other way. One day Harvey heard that D. & O. was going up like a house afire. It struck him that here was a chance to put Sam's suggestion into practice. He thought first of consulting Sam about it, and even slipped into Haley's office to see him on the subject, but Sam happened to be out on an errand, so he returned to his post.

In a few minutes the cashier sent him up to a stationer's on Nassau street. This errand took him past the little bank. Quite a number of men and boys were going in, and some coming out. Harvey was curious to catch a sight of the interior, so on his way back he ventured to enter, and found himself in a big, oblong room, crowded with persons of all ages and appearance. All were interested in the quotations that were being put up on the blackboard at the end of the room. Many were standing in line at the margin clerk's window. That individual was very busy that morning taking orders, chiefly for D. & O. Harvey understood the meaning of the quotations on the blackboard, for he had grown familiar with it through the great blackboard in the Stock Exchange. He followed the figures of D. & O., and each time it went an eighth of a point higher.

"I might as well be a sport and get in, no matter what the result will be," he told himself.

He had \$150 in an inside pocket, and so he took his place in the line and when he reached the window he told the clerk he wanted to buy fifteen shares of D. & O. on margin.

"That will cost you \$150 deposit," said the clerk.

"Here's the money," said Birch, pushing the bills toward him.

The clerk counted the money, made out a little printed memorandum in duplicate, and told Harvey to sign them. The boy did so, and one of them was handed to him. All this procedure had been previously explained to him by Sam, so he put the piece of paper in his pocket, left the window and started back for the office. He knew that when he wanted to sell out he must present the memorandum at the same window and sign another one that would be handed to him for that purpose. He had been away some time on his errand, but the cashier made no remark, supposing he had been detained at the stationer's.

When Harvey returned to his seat he took out his memorandum and read it over with some interest, for it represented his first venture on the market. By it he saw that he had purchased fifteen shares of D. & O. at 86.

"If the price goes to 90, and I sell out, I'll make \$4 a share, less commission of the little bank," he thought. "As it appears to be going right up, and I heard a man say it might go to par, which is 100, why, I may make more than \$4 a share."

At first he was going to tell Sam, when he saw him, about his first deal, but on second thought concluded not to.

"I might make a bull of this thing before I get out of it, and he might give me the laugh," he said to himself. "I guess I'll keep it to myself, then if I lose nobody will know but myself. If I win, I'll tell him."

That day a lady, plainly attired, with a vinegar look, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Brown.

"What name, ma'am?" asked Harvey politely.

"Mrs. Terhune."

"Take a seat, ma'am. Mr. Brown is busy at present. As soon as he is disengaged I'll take your name in."

She sat down in the seat near Harvey's and waited. Presently she said:

"Do you think he'll soon be at liberty? I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, ma'am; I don't think you'll have long to wait."

"You seem to be a nice boy," she remarked, after a pause.

"Thank you for the compliment, ma'am."

"You're a new boy here, I guess?"

"Yes, ma'am. I've only been here six weeks."

"What became of the other boy who did what you are doing?"

"He was promoted to the counting room."

"I didn't like him. He was saucy and independent. Sometimes he kept me from seeing Mr. Brown."

"Is that so, ma'am?"

"It is. And he used to make fun of me, too. I am pretty sharp and see more things than some people suppose. Now you're polite and nice as a young gentleman ought to be. I can see your parents brought you up right."

"Parents usually try to do that, don't they, ma'am?"

"I'm afraid not. Things are different to what they were when I was young. How old do you think I am?"

Mrs. Terhune was easily fifty-five, but she tried her best to dress and fix her up so she would look much younger. Her efforts were not

as successful as she imagined, and hardly anybody was ever deceived. Harvey looked at her and sized up her age, but he recollected that his mother often said that women did not wish to be told their true age, and always wished to be thought younger. He thought it rather odd that the visitor should put the question to him, but as she had and had herself complimented him, he felt that he must flatter her a little.

"Well, ma'am, I couldn't say how old you are, but I should think you were about forty-two or three," he said, with apparent frankness.

"Oh, dear, I'm older than that," she said, with a gracious smile, for she was greatly pleased at the estimate Harvey had put on her years.

"Not much older, ma'am. You have a nice fresh complexion, and I don't see many wrinkles in your face. You can't be over forty-five."

"I'm afraid you are trying to flatter me," she said, with a simper.

"Not at all, ma'am."

"You are certainly a very polite boy. Is Mr. Brown still engaged?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is very annoying to have to wait," she said, with a frown.

At that moment the door of the private room opened and Broker Brown's visitor came out.

"I'll take your name in now, ma'am," said Harvey.

So he went in and told his boss that a lady named Terhune wanted to see him.

"Terhune!" ejaculated Brown. "I don't want to see her. Sidetrack her. She is a nuisance."

"I don't see how I can shake her, for she knows you are in."

"Tell her I can't see her to-day."

"Yes, sir."

Harvey delivered the message to the visitor.

"Can't see me!" she cried angrily. "He must see me. I have business with him. I have lost \$2,000 in this office and am entitled to some consideration. Go back and tell him I won't leave the office till I do see him."

Harvey carried her ultimatum to Brown.

"Well, show her in, and in five minutes come in and say I'm wanted in the counting room," said the broker.

So Harvey showed the lady in. As the door closed after her, Sam came in with a note for Brown.

"He's engaged for five minutes with a lady named Terhune," said Harvey.

"What! That old cat?" said Sam, with a grin.

"Do you know her?"

"Bet your life I know her, and she knows me. She thinks I'm crazy."

"Crazy! What do you mean?"

"Oh, the last time she was here, about a month before you came, when Harker was messenger, she turned up one day with blood in her eye over a deal she had lost money on, and Mr. Brown wouldn't see her. Harker tried to get her out, but she wouldn't go. Then he came over to our office and conferred with me. It was arranged that I should come in with a note and then be taken with a fit and scare her."

"How did the scheme work?"

"First rate. She nearly threw a fit herself. Harker shouted, 'Look out for the crazy boy!'

and that settled her. She made for the door and didn't stop till she got to the elevator.

"Did Mr. Brown make a kick about the disturbance?"

"He came to the door to see what was the matter, but it was all over then, for Mrs. Terhune was just going through the door at a two-forty gait," laughed Sam.

"What's the matter with the lady? Why does not Mr. Brown care to see her?"

"Oh, half the brokers in the Street know her by sight, and a dozen of them have got rid of her as a customer because she has proved herself a nuisance in one way or another. She is particularly obnoxious when the market goes against her. She seems to think she ought to win all the time."

"She told me she lost \$2,000 in this office."

"I don't know anything about that. How came Brown to see her?"

"He had to because I couldn't get rid of her."

"Why didn't you go into the counting room and get a pointer or two from Harker? He knows how to handle her."

"I've got to go in now and tell Mr. Brown he's wanted in the counting room—the five minutes are more than up."

"Better send me in with my note; I'll start her," said Sam.

"Would you throw another fit?"

"No; I wouldn't dare do that in Brown's room. I'll make a face or two at her, this way," and Sam showed what he meant. "She'll recognize me as the crazy boy and will remember what happened before. She ought to be afraid of me."

"I'll tell Mr. Brown you are waiting to deliver a note. He'll tell me to show you in, and then while he's reading your note you can try your acting on the lady. It's too bad she can't see herself, that she's not wanted and go quietly."

Harvey went in and announced Sam.

"Send him in," said Brown.

Harvey did so, leaving the door ajar. He expected to see Mrs. Terhune take an expeditious leave. Instead of which he heard a howl from Sam, followed by a loud smack. He opened the door and looked in. The lady was standing up and had Sam by the left ear and was slapping his face good and hard.

Of course, Mr. Brown immediately interfered and the lady let the sheepish-looking Sam go. He realized that Mrs. Terhune was too smart to be imposed upon twice by the same boy. Brown took advantage of the lady's action to request her to leave, as he had no further time to waste on her and he could not have her as a customer any longer.

"Very well, very well," she said. "I won't trouble you any more," and she walked out with her nose in the air.

Every day D. & O. went up higher and Harvey watched the rise with intense interest. Finally it reached par. Something advised him to sell out then, and he did so, his stock going at 100 3-8. He was told to call any time after three o'clock next day for his statement, which would show him how he stood. He knew about how he stood, anyway, and when he saw his statement it showed that he had cleared \$210 on the deal. And so he shook hands with himself on the success of his first deal in the stock market.

CHAPTER III.—The Bag of Gold.

After he collected his money he told Sam about his first deal, and that young chap congratulated him on his success.

"You got out just in time, Birch," he said. "You sold at the top of the market. How came you to just hit it?"

"Luck," replied Harvey. "I heard a broker say it would probably go to par. That was the day before I bought the shares, so I held on for par."

"You were lucky, but you don't want to bank on what you hear a broker say. They haven't a sure line on what's going to happen. That was just his opinion."

"It turned out to be correct."

"Just by accident it did. I wouldn't have taken the chance on D. & O. you did. I might have held out for 95, but not a point higher. The chap who looks for the last dollar usually gets dumped. You want to keep on studying up things in the Wall Street papers, and watch to see how they turn out. I wouldn't make another deal if I were you till I learned more about the game. It doesn't pay to go it blind. You're sure to get it where the chicken got the axe."

Harvey thought Sam's advice good and resolved to follow it. His resolution failed him a few days later when the papers said that A. & G. was likely to advance several points inside of the next ten days. It's a risky thing to go into a deal on the strength of what a newspaper prints. The report might turn out right, and again it might have been printed at the instance of a clique of operators who wished to interest the public in some stock they desired to unload at a good figure. Harvey wasn't up to snuff, and he bought thirty shares at 62, on margin. Some people are born lucky—nearly everything they do proves a success. Harvey figured that the paper meant five or six points when it said several. If the price went up five points he intended to sell. It did go up five points, but the boy from Missouri was kept so busy running errands that he had no chance to go to the little bank and order his stock sold. This fact proved lucky for him, for a few days afterward A. & G. went up five points more.

When he did get the chance to sell he made \$300 instead of \$150. He was greatly tickled over this, and told Sam about his luck.

"I call that pig luck," was Sam's comment. "What induced you to go into A. & G.?"

Harvey explained what the newspaper had said about a probable advance in its price within ten days.

"Say, look here, you mustn't believe everything you see in the papers, particularly in the way of stock tips."

"Well, that looked a good thing. It turned out all right, anyway."

"Nine times out of ten it wouldn't have turned out."

"That may be, Sam, but as long as it did turn out in my favor what's the use of arguing about what might have happened?"

"I'm speaking about the future. Now that you've won a bit of money, I wouldn't like to see

you drop it on the next deal. How much have you made on the two deals?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"That's twice as much as I've made since I started in a year ago. You are doing swell."

He certainly was, with a Wall Street experience of less than three months. Next day Broker Brown called him into his private room.

"Here's a list of a dozen brokers," said Brown. "Go around to each and find out if they have any Nashville Short Line. When you find any of the stock, offer 80 1-2 for it. If the broker accepts that figure, tell him to deliver it C. O. D. at my office. Be sure and get a memorandum of any purchase you make."

"All right, sir," said Harvey, who started out at once.

The first office he went into the broker told him he had 1,000 shares of the stock.

"I am instructed to offer you 80 1-2 for it," said Harvey.

The broker looked at the tape and found that was half a point above the market price.

"Who are you buying it for?"

"George Brown."

"You are working for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I'll deliver the certificates C. O. D. right away."

"I'll write you out the order and you can give me your memorandum of acceptance."

The memorandums were exchanged and Harvey went on to the next broker. He visited five brokers before he found any more of the stock, then he struck 2,000 shares which he ordered sent C. O. D. to his boss. That's all he could find, so he returned and reported.

"You have done very well," said Brown. "The stock is scarce. I hardly thought you would get any."

Harvey had an idea that the stock must be in for a rise or Brown wouldn't have bought the shares at an advance on the market. As he was passing the little bank he went in and left an order for 50 shares of Nashville Short Line, at 80 1-2 or 81, if the bank couldn't get it below that. Such a small order was easily executed, but the bank had to pay 81 for the shares. Harvey was evidently going it fast, for this was his third deal inside of a month. There was some method in this one, for he banked on the scarcity of the stock to cause it to rise, and he had no doubt it was scarce when his boss said so.

In a day or two he found out that Mr. Brown had bought the shares for some syndicate of operators who wanted to corner it, and that meant there would shortly be a boom in it if the combine could bring it about, which was very likely if the syndicate had got control of the majority of the shares on the market. He was returning up New street after executing an errand when he saw Tim Casey banging a small A. D. T. messenger about. He grabbed Casey just as that youth was in the act of giving the messenger a parting kick. Casey lost his balance and sat down with unpleasant suddenness. The messenger took advantage of his chance to cut and run.

"What did you upset me for?" demanded Casey, springing up and facing Harvey aggressively.

"I thought I'd stop you from bullying that boy. Why don't you tackle a boy of your own size?" said Harvey.

"Why don't you mind your business?"

"I consider it my business to prevent you from making life miserable for that little messenger."

"I'll get square with you, see if I don't."

"You only think you will."

With those words Harvey walked away. Next day Harvey was sent to the Sub-Treasury to exchange a package of gold notes for a bag of coin. The sum he got amounted to \$10,000, and was quite weighty. Quite a long flight of wide stone steps led to the door of the building, and when Harvey started down them he saw Casey and another lad coming up. Casey saw Harvey but gave no sign. As the young Missourian passed him he turned suddenly and gave Harvey a shove. Birch wasn't expecting anything of the kind and he lost his balance, dropped the gold and went rolling down the flight, to Casey's intense delight.

Two men lounging on the sidewalk saw what happened, and while one of them went and helped Harvey up, the other ran up, picked up the bag of gold and rushed off with it. Broker Brown's boy saw him running down the steps with it, and breaking away from the man who was trying to detain him he gave chase. In his hurry to get away the man tripped on the last step and went sprawling onto the sidewalk. As he scrambled up Harvey sprang upon him and he went down again. The fellow had fallen on the gold and his body covered it. Harvey tried to roll him over to get at it. The fellow resisted his efforts and the other chap came to his aid. Several pedestrians stopped, thinking the man had been struck down by heart failure or a fit. Harvey called on one of them to help him roll the fellow over.

"He's a thief, and was trying to get away with a bag of gold I was bringing to my office from the Sub-Treasury," said the boy.

"The boy is lying," said the man, getting up with the bag of gold. "The gold is mine. He tripped me up and expected to get away with it himself."

"That's right," nodded the chap's pal. "I saw the whole thing. This boy ought to be arrested. I'll hold on to him until a policeman comes."

The other man then started to walk off with the gold. Harvey struggled to get away from the fellow who held him, but couldn't.

At that moment Sam Swett came along.

"Hey, Sam, give me a hand here!" cried Harvey.

"What's the trouble?"

"I'm being robbed of a bag of gold. The fellow crossing the street has it, and this fellow is holding me so I can't chase him."

"Let go of him!" said Sam, grabbing the man by the arm.

"Mind your business and sheer off, or I'll have you pulled in, too."

Harvey wriggled around and gave the man a short-hand punch in the stomach. That caused him to partly release his grip and the lad from Missouri quickly wrenched himself free.

"Come on, Sam; help me catch that rascal. There he goes down Broad street," said Harvey.

The two boys dashed after the man. The

other uttered a warning shout to his companion. The thief increased his rapid walk to a run, for he couldn't escape the boys. Seeing he was sure to be nabbed, he dropped the bag and turned down Exchange place and made his escape. Thus Harvey recovered his bag of gold.

"How did it happen?" asked Sam.

"All through that Casey boy. He pushed me down the Sub-Treasury steps, and the bag fell out of my hands," said Harvey, who then told Sam what followed.

Harvey reported the incident to Mr. Brown, and the broker notified the police, giving a description of the two men. Whatever efforts the police made to catch them were not productive of results, so the men were not arrested. A week later Harvey sold his Nashville Short Line shares for 96 and cleared a profit of \$750. Thus his original \$150 had increased to \$1,400.

CHAPTER IV.—In Peril of His Life.

Things went along without incident for a couple of weeks, during which Harvey, tickled over his success in speculating, kept his eyes wide open for another chance, and at the same time learned all he could about Wall Street methods. At the end of that time he accidentally learned that a syndicate of wealthy brokers had been formed to boom a certain small railroad after getting full control of the visible shares. The name of this road was the Iron Mountain, and it was not a line that was usually dealt in heavily, for there was not a whole lot of it on the market.

The control had lately been acquired by a New York bank, and the president of the bank was the brother of the man who got up the syndicate after a consultation with his brother. The shares yielded a semi-annual dividend and most of it that was around was held by small investors. The object of the syndicate was to start a rumor reflecting on the ability of the road to continue its dividends in the future, and thus frighten the small holders into selling as the price began to drop somewhat. These rumors would be circulated off and on until as much of the stock had been shaken out as possible, then the syndicate would see to it that all the rumors reflecting on the road were denied officially. The price would then be boosted as high as possible by methods known in Wall Street, and when it had reached as high a figure as could safely be expected, the shares would be unloaded on the public again, and the members of the combine would divide their profits and quit.

It is unnecessary to explain how Harvey learned all this, but he did and proceeded to take advantage of the information. He waited till the stock had dropped a number of points and then he put in an order at the little bank for 140 shares at 90 on margin, and the bank got the shares without much trouble. Harvey tipped Sam off to the good thing and that lad was able to buy 40 shares. For some days after that Iron Mountain fluctuated a good bit, with a continuous downward tendency which did the business the syndicate was looking for. Such was the state of affairs when Harvey ran across Mrs. Terhune one morning on the street. She was looking for

a broker who would place an order on some stock for her, but all fought shy of her custom.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Terhune!" said Harvey, politely.

"Good-morning, young man!" she said, sourly, remembering that he worked for Mr. Brown, whom she was very sore against. "It's a wonder you'd notice me."

"Why not, ma'am? We had a very pleasant conversation at the office the day you called there," said the boy from Missouri.

The boy's manner was so affable and his smile so taking that the lady's frigid demeanor melted somewhat.

"Your employer didn't treat me very nice that day. In fact, he as good as put me out of his office. I've noticed that office boys usually take their cue from their bosses, so I was surprised to see you address me in such a friendly way."

"Well, ma'am, Mr. Brown had his reasons for treating you the way he did. He's a busy man, and he is not partial to lady customers because they take up too much of his time, and he can't tell them to go like he would a man. He wasn't anxious to see you that day, but you insisted on seeing him. As he was very busy he didn't like it, and so he was a little rougher than he really meant to be. I hope you'll excuse him. I assure you he's a fine man, and he'll never turn anybody down who approaches him in the right way."

"Maybe he is, but he didn't treat me like a lady. I lost a lot of money in his office and I wanted a chance to get some of it back."

"He was afraid you would drop more and didn't want to encourage you to speculate any more."

"I have a right to speculate if I want to. I earn my money honestly keeping lodgers, and have a right to use it as I please."

"I suppose you are behind in the game?"

"I have lost more than \$4,000 in Wall Street."

"Then you ought to quit, for luck is against you."

"I intend to try again. I brought \$1,000 down with me to put up on L. & M."

"If you're determined to speculate some more I'll give you a sure tip."

"What is it?"

"Buy 100 shares of Iron Mountain. It's going up."

"Never heard of it."

"I'm in on it. I'll show you," and Harry produced his memorandum from the little bank for her inspection.

"My gracious! Are you worth all that money?" she said. "You're only an office boy."

"I know it, but I'm lucky at the game. You do as I say and you'll win if you sell out in time."

"How shall I know when to sell out in time?"

"You'll be safe to hold it for a ten or fifteen-point rise."

"But I can't find a broker who will do business with me."

"Go to the little bank on Nassau street."

"I've been told to go there, but I found so many men in the place I didn't like to go in."

"Let me have your money. I'll give you a receipt for it. I'll put it up for you, and when I sell my own shares I'll sell yours."

After some hesitation Mrs. Terhune agreed to

do it, for she said he looked like an honest boy, and she believed she could trust him.

"I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, because you have lost so much money. I'd like to see you win some of it back."

The result was Harvey got her money and bought 1000 shares of Iron Mountain for her at 91. She gave him her address, and he promised to let her know how the deal went on, and when he sold out. That afternoon there was a flurry over Erie at the Stock Exchange. It had been selling around 42 points for some time. At one o'clock that day it suddenly boomed upward and great excitement took place in the board-room over the unexpected rise. Nobody could account for it. Whatever interests were pushing it could not be ascertained. Speculative traders fell over one another in their efforts to buy and sell it. As it continued to soar many who had sold bought in again. At two o'clock the price was up to 50, and when Harvey reached the Exchange with a note to his boss he found the place in an uproar. Sam was there trying to reach Haley with a note, and all the messengers found it unusually difficult to reach the brokers they were after. Most of these brokers were in the big crowd around the Erie standard, where the volume of sound was terrific. A forest of hands were waving in the air, and when traders detached themselves from the mob they looked badly ruffled up.

"I haven't seen anything quite as lively as this before," Harvey said to Sam.

"Wait till you see a real panic here and then you'll think the world is coming to an end," grinned Sam.

"When am I likely to see one?"

"I couldn't tell you. They don't have them as often now as they used to. It's so risky that some bigbug generally comes to the rescue in time to stop it. We have small panics, though, every once in a while, when the bottom drops out of a boom, but they don't last long, and are serious only to the people on the wrong side."

"I'd like to find out where Mr. Brown is," said Harvey.

"And I'd like to spot Haley."

In a few minutes Brown, ruffled and perspiring, separated himself from the Erie crowd and Harvey got his note to him.

"All right," said Brown, after reading it.

He appeared to be in excellent humor. Hardly had Harvey left the Exchange than Erie began to tumble and when the three o'clock hour arrived it was down to 40, or two points below where it started. About two next day Brown handed Harvey a note to deliver to a broker named Hanley on Exchange place. Harvey hustled over there and was admitted to the private sanctum. Hanley didn't look pleasant. He was a big six-footer, with a red face and an aggressive jaw. When he read the note he uttered a ran him to the door and kicked him into the howl of rage. Jumping up he seized Harvey, waiting-room. The boy fell all over himself from the force that had been applied to him. His unceremonious exit from the private room naturally attracted the attention of all in the office. Harvey picked himself up, brushed himself off and started back to demand an explanation of such

rough-house treatment. He had never been handled that way before and he couldn't understand it. One thing was certain, he wasn't going to stand it from any man. Men were shot dead out in Missouri for a great deal less than that. If the trouble lay in the contents of the note that wasn't his fault. He was bound that Broker Hanley, even if he was as big as a mountain, must make some-sort of apology for throwing him bodily out of his room. He opened the door and walked in.

Hanley was walking up and down his room like a tiger in his cage. He had thrown open one of his windows to admit the air, for between the steam heat and his concentrated passion the room felt oppressively hot to him. The broker glared at the boy the moment he appeared. Harvey lost no time in coming to the point.

"I'd like to know what you mean by throwing me out of your office?" he said. "I'm not used to that kind of thing, and I won't—"

With a roar Hanley pounced on him. Lifting the boy off his legs he gave him a swing and flung him straight at the window. Harvey went through it like a shot, and but for a piece of good luck his young career would have been wound up then and there, for the office was four stories up. As he felt himself going out he clutched at the window sill with both hands and caught it. His flight was arrested and there he hung in a very precarious situation, unable to help himself. Unless somebody came to his assistance it would only be a question of time when his grip would relax and down he would go to the sidewalk. The moment his form went out through the window, Broker Hanley realized what he had done, and his feelings changed like lightning. He thought he had killed the boy, for he did not notice his fingers clutching the sill, and he staggered like a drunken man against the wall and covered his face with his hands.

"My heavens!" he gasped. "What have I done? I've committed murder. I shall be arrested and—"

At that moment Harvey, seeing the hopelessness of his situation, began calling for help. Hearing the boy's voice so close to the window, Hanley rushed there and discovered where his victim was, and the desperate clutch he had on the window. Reaching down he grabbed Harvey by the arms and dragged him into the room. Then, with a chalky face, he dropped into a chair and began mopping his face with his handkerchief. Harvey got on his feet, mighty thankful for his narrow escape. He had been in some tough predicaments out in Missouri, but never anything quite as ticklish as the one he had just escaped. He looked at the broker a moment, and the thought at once crossed his mind that the man must have gone temporarily crazy. In no other way could he account for the handling he had received. The amazing part of the affair was the astonishing strength displayed by the trader. Harvey Birch was no easy proposition to monkey with, and yet Hanley had used him as easy as though he had been a mere child. It struck the boy he had better leave before the man got another paroxysm on or there was no telling what might happen to him. Accordingly he started for the door. Hanley jumped up.

"Don't go!" he said. "I didn't mean to throw you out of the window. I did not know what I was doing. I lost command over myself. Had I killed you I should have blown my brains out. Thank heaven, you are safe. I will make amends in any way in my power. Give me a chance."

Harvey stopped with one hand on the knob of the door.

"You are too dangerous to have anything further to do with. I guess you're crazy, for nobody but a lunatic would do what you have just done. You ought to be put into a strait-jacket before you do any more harm. That's all I want to say to you, but it's likely you'll hear from Mr. Brown on the subject."

Then Harvey opened the door and hurried from the office.

CHAPTER V.—The Wallet That Vanished.

When Harvey got back to his office he reported to Mr. Brown the reception he had received from Broker Hanley. His employer was fairly staggered by his story.

"Do you mean to say that he actually threw you out of his fourth-story window?" ejaculated Brown, almost incredulously.

"He certainly did. And if I hadn't fortunately caught hold of the window-sill as I was going out you'd never have seen me alive again."

Good gracious! The man must have been temporarily demented to do such a thing as that.

"He certainly acted like a lunatic. I noticed when I went in first that he looked awfully grouchy. He took your note and read it. Then he jumped up with an imprecation and ran me into the reception-room, giving me a kick that landed me on all fours. I couldn't stand for an insult like that and went back to demand an explanation and an apology. I got the window instead."

"How did you escape?"

"He pulled me in after seeing what he had done, and started to tell me how sorry he was that he had been so strenuous, but I didn't care to listen to him. I was afraid he might break out again. He was as strong as a bull, and handled me with the greatest ease. I propose to get out a warrant for his arrest and put him through for attempting my life. If the man is crazy I suppose I can't do anything, but otherwise I guess I can make him sweat."

"I judge that the trouble grew out of my note, which was a demand on him for the settlement on the Erie stock he bought of me yesterday. He bought the shares just before the price began to tumble, and I heard he lost heavily by the transaction. That, however, was his loss. He owes me a large sum of money, and he will have to pay up or make an assignment. All that does not excuse his conduct towards you. I shall make it my business to call on him at once and threaten him with arrest and prosecution unless he makes it right with you."

"I don't know that his apology is of any use to me now," said the boy.

"He'll have to make you more substantial amends."

"How?"

"He'll have to indemnify you for the scare he gave you and the terrible peril he placed you in."

"I wouldn't go through that experience again for a million dollars."

"I should think not. Once is enough for a lifetime. You have stood it better than most boys would. It will afford you some satisfaction, however, if he pays you a substantial sum. Should he refuse to do so you can send him to prison."

Mr. Brown put on his hat and left the office. He returned thirty minutes later and called Harvey into his room.

"I have settled the matter with him and accepted in your name a check for \$1,000, which is little enough. Here it is. He seems to deeply regret his impetuosity, and made a very humble apology to me. As he appears to be sincere I agreed to sidetrack any action on your part if he would pay you \$1,000. He consented, and so we will consider the incident closed. You are \$1,000 ahead, and you do not seem to be any the worse for your hazardous experience. Under these circumstances I think you had better consent not to prosecute him."

"All right, sir. Whatever you say goes with me."

And so the matter was settled as far as Harvey was concerned, though he did not soon forget what he had passed through at the hands of the athletic broker. A thousand dollars was some balm to his tingling nerves, and as he counted on making a couple of thousand more out of the anticipated rise of Iron Mountain, he felt pretty good.

A clerk in the window opposite had seen Harvey come out of the window and cling to the sill, and he had called the attention of others in the office to the exciting sight. Harvey's shout for help had aroused attention in other offices in the neighborhood, and a score of persons saw him dragged back into the room by the broker. The news of the boy's peril and rescue spread around and reached the ears of a reporter, who proceeded to make an investigation. This led him to Hanley's office. But everybody in the place professed the most profound ignorance concerning the affair. He got an interview with Hanley. That gentleman assured him that somebody had been hoaxing him.

"If a boy in some way fell out of one of my windows there isn't one chance in a thousand that he could grab the sill and save his life. Somebody has filled you up with a ghost-story."

The reporter didn't believe it was a ghost-story he had heard. He was shrewd enough to guess that Hanley was trying to cover up the affair and prevent it from getting into the newspapers. That made the newspaper man all the keener to secure the facts. He was not successful and had to let the matter go, so Wall Street escaped the knowledge of a stirring sensation which had happened in its midst. A day or two after that Iron Mountain began to rise when the management officially denied the many rumors that had been floating around about the road not doing as well as usual.

Harvey heard his boss talking about the matter, and speculating as to what was in the wind. That day the stock recovered five points, going to 95, which was near its customary standing.

The jump represented a gain of \$900 in a few hours to the boy from Missouri. It showed him he had made no mistake in banking on the information he had picked up. He immediately wrote to Mrs. Terhune and told her if she looked at the daily market report in her morning paper she would find out that her shares were worth \$500 more than she paid for them.

Next day about noon, while Harvey was sitting in his chair, awaiting a call on his services, a man with a soft hat entered, looked around and then walked over to the ticker where half a dozen customers were grouped. Harvey had never seen him there before and concluded he had dropped in with the idea of watching the quotations, and might place an order with the cashier. Strangers often came in and made use of the ticker information without leaving any order. The ticker there was for the use of any visitor whether he became a customer or not. The boy gave him no attention after the first glance, and a few minutes later he was sent across to Haley's office with a note. When he returned he met the stranger coming out of the door. Inside he found the reception-room in an uproar. One of the customers declared somebody had stolen his pocketbook containing several hundred dollars.

"Who was standing near you?" asked Harvey, thinking of the stranger, whose face had not impressed him favorably.

The man who was robbed couldn't say for certain, as he had not paid any especial attention to the persons around him.

"The man who just went out stood close up behind you," said one of the parties present. "He was a stranger. He made for the door as soon as you put your hand in your pocket and said your pocketbook was gone."

Harvey thought the stranger ought not to be allowed to leave the building until the matter had been investigated, and he started for the door to see if he could intercept him before he went down the elevator. The moment he got out in the corridor he saw the stranger waiting for a down cage to take him on. Harvey rushed over to the elevator shaft, which was only about forty feet from the door of the office. Just then the elevator came down and stopped. As the stranger was stepping aboard of it the lad from Missouri reached out, seized him by the collar and pulled him back. The elevator man and the passengers looked astonished at the boy's action, while the stranger tried to release himself and put up a strenuous protest. Harvey paid no attention to him, but began dragging him along the corridor.

"Come along, mister, step out. You're wanted in the office," said the boy, tightening his grip on the chap's collar and arm.

"Oh, I say, let me go!" protested the man.

"I'll let you go when I get you inside."

The struggle between them naturally attracted considerable notice and brought Brown's cashier to the door.

"Here's the man who was standing behind Mr. Crosby when he asserted he was robbed of his pocketbook," said Harvey. "He's making such a kick about returning that I think he ought to be searched to see if he has the goods on him."

"This is an outrage!" said the stranger. "Some-

body will have to pay for pulling me around this way."

"Charge it to me," said Harvey, shoving him roughly into the office.

Mr. Brown was in the waiting-room talking to the man who had lost his wallet. All the visitors had expressed a willingness to be searched, but the broker was loath to subject them to such an ordeal. Harvey shoved his man forward. He was recognized as the person who stood behind the robbed man. There was no evidence against him and the question was, should he be searched?

"Let go of the man," said Brown, and the boy released him.

"It has been suggested that everybody in the room at the time this gentleman discovered that his pocketbook was missing be searched," said the broker. "Have you any objection to that?"

The stranger declared that he had, after the rough-house treatment he had been subjected to.

"Why wasn't I asked to return instead of being grabbed roughly by the collar and dragged in here like a dog?" he said. "If that is your boy you are responsible for his conduct."

"I'm afraid you've acted too roughly with this man," said Brown to Harvey.

"He'd have escaped down the elevator if I hadn't grabbed him and stopped him from getting into the cage," replied the boy.

"Under the circumstances I think the easiest way out of the matter is for everybody to submit to a search. It is only a matter of form, since none of you are accused of taking the gentleman's wallet."

This was agreeable to all but the stranger, but seeing that his refusal was arousing suspicion he finally consented, if everybody would stand in line and be treated alike.

"I'll stand at the head of the line and be searched first as I am in a hurry to go," he said, walking briskly to the ticker machine and standing there.

The others lined up and the cashier was asked to search the parties. Broker Brown directed Harvey to stand at the door and keep visitors out until the ceremony had been gone through with. The stranger was duly searched, but nothing was found on him that did not appear to belong to him. The result was a matter of surprise, for the impression had prevailed that he had stolen the pocketbook. He was allowed to go and he walked out without a word. The other six were subjected to the same search, but the missing wallet was not found on them. That gave the idea that the man had lost his pocketbook before he entered the office. The gentleman declared that he had had his wallet in his hand a short time before he found it was gone. However, the wallet had taken its departure and there seemed no prospect of the owner recovering it, and all present gathered around the ticker once more. Suddenly one of them looked down, stooped and held up a red leather wallet.

"Is this your missing property, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, that is my pocketbook," said its owner, eagerly. "Where did you find it?"

"On the floor behind the machine here. You must have dropped it."

"The chap we thought took it stood against

the ticker to be searched. Maybe he dropped it to get rid of it," said one of the others.

After talking the matter over the bunch came to the conclusion that the man who had been suspected dropped it when he found he could not leave the room without submitting to a search. That was Harvey's opinion, too, when he learned how the wallet had been found behind the ticker, for he remembered that the fellow had taken the unnecessary trouble to walk over to the ticker to be searched. And so the matter ended, to the great satisfaction of the man to whom the wallet belonged, who thus got back the \$300 he had given up as lost. A week later Iron Mountain reached 105 and Harvey sold both his shares and those of Mrs. Terhune. His profit on the deal was \$2,100 while the lady's amounted to \$1,500. The afternoon he collected the money he called on Mrs. Terhune. He found that she lived in a little three-story old-fashioned brick house in the Greenwich Village section of the city. She rented the rooms on the three floors to individual lodgers, living in the three-room basement herself, and made quite a profit out of the roomers, for it was seldom she had a room vacant, and she got a fair price from her people.

"I'm glad to see you, young man," she said, opening the area gate. "Come in."

Harvey went in and was conducted to her living-room in the rear, where she had some sewing on the table.

"I sold out your stock yesterday at a profit of \$1,500. There is the money, together with your \$1,000 deposit, and there is your statement from the little bank," he said, handing her both.

"Did I really make \$1,500?" she said, her vinegary face relaxing into a smile peculiarly her own. "Dear me, I never was so lucky before."

"You were fortunate, for I gave you the benefit of my tip. I made \$2,000 myself."

"I am much obliged to you. You will let me make you a present of \$100."

"Not a-cent, Mrs. Terhune. I did you the favor without any idea of receiving any reward for it. I knew Iron Mountain would prove a winner, and I saw no reason why you couldn't participate in the profits."

"It was very kind of you," she said.

"All right. We'll let it go at that."

After remaining half an hour, Harvey took his leave with a warm invitation from the grateful lady to call again.

CHAPTER VI.—The Tip in the Pocketbook.

One evening Harvey was walking up Broadway about eight o'clock. The street was fairly full of people going to theatres and other places of amusement. As he approached the corner of 40th street he saw a sudden commotion and heard a cry for help. A score of passing pedestrians stopped and looked in the direction of the sounds, but that was all they did. Harvey, hurrying forward, was amazed to see a couple of men struggling with another man and a well-dressed woman uttering scream on scream.

"Help! Help! I'm being robbed!" cried the man.

That was enough for the lad from Missouri. He darted into the mix-up.

"Keep away or I'll brain you!" hissed one of the men, raising a slung-shot threateningly.

Harvey's answer was a heavy blow on the jaw that stretched the fellow out as clean as a whistle. The man who was attacked, relieved of the second assailant, grabbed the other and a fierce tussle took place between them. Harvey went to the gentleman's aid and between them the rascal was captured. The crowd closed in on them when it was seen that the crook was getting the worst of the argument. The chap who had been knocked down got up and disappeared before any one had the nerve to try and detain him. When the trouble was all over a policeman appeared from somewhere and asked what the trouble was about. The gentleman explained that he and his wife were on the way to the theatre from the hotel—they were stopping at when he was suddenly set upon by two men, who began beating him about the head with their fists, one of them endeavoring to put his arm around his neck, garrote fashion. Their object was evidently robbery, and he would have been overcome had not the young man who had hold of one of his assailants come to the rescue. He remarked that a dozen men might have come to his aid at the start, but not one of them had made a move to do so, until he and the plucky boy had practically ended the trouble between them by capturing the prisoner, whom he directed the policeman to take charge of.

"I will go to the station-house with you and make the charge of attempted highway robbery with assault against this man," he said.

"And I'll go with you as a witness if you consider my presence necessary," said Harvey.

The officer handcuffed the man, for he looked like a dangerous customer, and marched him off, accompanied by the gentleman, whose name was Dixon, his wife and Harvey. The proceedings at the precinct station-house were brief, and the crook was locked up. Mr. Dixon, his wife and Harvey were directed to appear at the police court in the morning.

"So you are connected with Wall Street?" said the gentleman when they stepped outside.

Harvey had given his name and business address to the desk sergeant.

"Yes, sir. I work for George Brown, a stock broker."

"You have done me a great favor, young man, and I assure you that I won't forget it. I would have been knocked out and robbed in the presence of a score or more of people, on a prominent part of Broadway, but for your pluck in coming to my aid. I really can't understand the indifference of the public in such a case. Why, the crooks appear to have full swing in this city. The very daring of the attack they made on me indicates that they counted on the crowd holding back. I think it an outrageous state of things. I should not be surprised to hear of some rascal knocking a man down in a crowded street-car, robbing him and making his escape without interference on the part of the public."

Mrs. Dixon expressed her sentiments in the same way.

"I dare say I might have screamed myself

hoarse without securing a single champion from those cowardly men," she said, indignantly. "They ought to be ashamed to look in a glass and call themselves men."

"Are you visiting New York?" asked Harvey.

"Yes. We are from the West. I came to New York to transact some business."

"I am from the West myself," said the boy.

"Indeed! I am pleased to hear it. What part of the West, may I ask?"

"Blank County, Missouri."

"I thought you had the bearing and voice of a Westerner. I am pleased to find that impression confirmed. I think, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "that it is too late for us to go to the theatre this evening. We will, therefore, return to our hotel. We shall be glad of your company, Birch, if you have no engagement to keep," said Dixon.

Harvey had no engagement, having come out only for a stroll after dinner, and so he accompanied the gentleman and his wife to their hotel. They had a suite of two rooms at the Park Avenue Hotel, and Harvey went up there with them. Mr. Dixon asked him how long he had been in Wall Street, how he liked his position, and whether he thought of remaining permanently in New York. The boy gave him frank replies. Mr. Dixon then said that his business in New York was to promote the stock of a silver mine in the Bullfrog District which he was interested in.

"The company has authorized the issue of 150,000 treasury shares to raise money for additional development purposes," he said. "From present indications the mine has an encouraging future. The stock will be offered for ten cents a share, cash, or eleven cents on the instalment paying plan. The allotment for the East is 100,000 shares, and I hope to push the whole of it off right here in New York."

Harvey passed a pleasant two hours with his new friends and then took his leave, Mr. Dixon promising to call at his office to see him in a day or two. The affair at Broadway and 40th street was duly published in the dailies next morning and read by a large number of the inhabitants of Gotham. Broker Brown read it on his way downtown and was surprised to see his messenger's name mentioned so prominently in the story.

"That's just like the boy," he said. "He wouldn't hold back and see any man robbed. He is certainly as plucky as they come, and as strong as a young bull. He has proved himself an uncommonly good boy and messenger. Few boys handicapped as he was when he started in could have made good so quickly. He's sure to make his mark, if energy and ambition can accomplish it."

When he reached the office he called Harvey into his room and asked him for the full particulars of the incident. Harvey told him that the newspapers had correctly reported the affair, and that he could add little to their accounts. He explained that Mr. Dixon was interested in the Little Giant Silver Mine, of Bullfrog, and had come East to dispose of a considerable amount of development shares among the investing public. Then he asked permission to go to court to testify at the captured crook's examination be-

fore a magistrate. He obtained permission to go. To make sure that he would be on hand, a policeman called for him at quarter of eleven. He found Mr. Dixon and his wife in court when he arrived there. When the crook was called to the bar he pleaded "Not guilty." Then a cheap lawyer announced that he had been retained to look after the prisoner's interests. He waived examination and asked that a reasonable bail be fixed so that his client could secure his release until the Grand Jury had considered the facts and passed upon them. The magistrate accordingly remanded the prisoner to the Tombs and fixed his bail at \$1,000. This was subsequently furnished by an acceptable bondsman and the crook was released from custody pending proceedings against him. Harvey returned to Wall Street and resumed his duties.

After returning from the bank where he had put in the day's deposits, Mr. Brown sent him with a note to a broker in the Mills Building. The broker was busy and he had to wait. He sat down on a chair near the ticker, when, to his surprise, the chair gave away completely and landed him on the floor with a crash. The accident was very amusing to a couple of men present, who laughed heartily. One of them came to his assistance, helped him up, and, spying a black wallet on the floor in the midst of the ruins of the chair, and supposing it was his, picked it up and stuck it in his pocket. Harvey did not take notice of what the man did, and for the time being he remained in ignorance that he had come into possession of property not his own. In a few minutes the broker was at liberty and Harvey went in and gave him the note he had brought. The broker read it, scribbled a reply and putting it in an envelope, handed it to the young messenger, who immediately left. Harvey handed the note to Mr. Brown and went outside to wait till his services were no longer in requisition for the day. Then it was that he felt something in his side pocket, and putting his hand there pulled out the black pocketbook.

"This isn't mine. How in thunder did it get in my pocket?" he asked himself in no little astonishment. As he couldn't find an answer to his own question he proceeded to examine the wallet. It contained \$100 in bills, numerous memoranda and a card bearing the date of that day, which read as follows:

"The syndicate is complete and is backed by the Northwestern Bank. The combine will start in buying right away, so get busy yourself and go the limit on the stock I mentioned to you—O. & N. It is good for a fifteen-point rise at least. When you have cashed in send me twenty per cent rake-off you promised for this tip."

"This looks like a first-rate pointer," thought Harvey. "I would like to know who this wallet belongs to so I could return it, and I'd like to know who J. D. is, so I could find out whether he is in a position to hand out a tip that looks like a winner."

A further examination of the wallet brought to light a note bearing the printed heading of the Northwestern Bank. The note was addressed to Chauncey Kane, No. — Broad street, and contained a request for him to meet the writer at the Empire Cafe, at two o'clock, on the date

of the note, which was a week back, and was signed John Dillon. The writing was the same as that on the card, so J. D. was clearly John Dillon. A list of the bank officers printed on the notehead showed that Dillon was one of the vice-presidents of the bank.

"This pocketbook is the property of Chauncey Kane, I should judge," thought the boy, "and as his address is No. — Broad street, I ought to have no difficulty in restoring it to him. I'll go in and tell Mr. Brown about it."

The broker was closing his desk preparatory to leaving the office. Harvey showed him the pocketbook and told him how he had found it in his pocket, and was quite ignorant how it got there.

"That is rather a remarkable circumstance," said Brown.

"It certainly is, sir, particularly as it contains \$100 in money."

"Is there any clue in it to its owner?"

"There's a note from a man named Dillon on the notehead of the Northwestern Bank, and it is addressed to Chauncey Kane, whose address is given as No. — Broad street. From that I figure that the wallet belongs to Kane."

"You'd better call on Kane and see if it's his property. It is funny it should have found its way into your pocket, though."

"That's the astonishing part of it. I can't understand it."

"When did you find it in your pocket?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Since you returned from your errand to the Mills Building?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had it been there before you went on that errand don't you think you would have noticed it?"

"I might. At any rate, I'm sure it wasn't in my pocket when I carried the day's deposits to the bank."

"Were you in a crowd going to or coming from the bank?"

"No, sir."

"Or going to or returning from the Mills Building?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't account for it getting into your pocket. A thief when detected in the act of plying his light-handed business often slips the stolen article into the pocket of a bystander so that if he is caught nothing incriminating him would be found on his person. Such could hardly have happened in your case or you would recall something in connection with the circumstances."

"No, sir. I don't think anything like that happened to me."

"Well, take the pocketbook down to Mr. Kane and see if it is his."

Harvey left the office and walked into the building bearing the number on the note. A glance at the wall directory showed him that Chauncey Kane had an office on the third floor. He went up there and found by the sign on the door that Mr. Kane was a stock broker.

"Is Mr. Kane in?" he asked a clerk

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I do."

"Well, go in that room. You'll find him disengaged."

Harvey walked into the room and found a gentleman with florid countenance and long, blond side-whiskers, seated at a desk.

"Mr. Kane?" he said, interrogatively.

"That's my name," said the broker, looking up.

"My name is Harvey Birch, and I work for George Brown, stock broker."

"Well?"

"I found a pocketbook that I have an idea belongs to you."

"Yes, yes; I lost my wallet somewhere. I think in the Mills Building."

"That's where I found it," said Harvey, who did not want to say he had found it in his pocket, as that would look like a ghost-story, and would probably lead to a lot of useless questioning.

"Let me see it, please."

"What color is it?"

"Black."

"That's right. How much money was in it?"

"I couldn't say exactly, but close to \$100."

"And there was a note addressed to you signed by——"

"John Dillon," said Kane.

"The pocketbook is yours. Here it is."

He handed it to the broker, who opened it and ran the contents rapidly over.

"It's all right," he said. "You are an honest boy to return it to me. Allow me to hand you \$50."

"It isn't necessary for you to offer me any reward, sir."

"That's all right. Take it as a present."

"That's half the money. I'd rather not take so much."

"Oh, I can spare it. The contents of the wallet, independent of the money, are worth ten times \$50 to me, so I insist that you accept the bills."

Harvey took the money, thanked him, and then took his leave.

CHAPTER VII.—Knocked Out.

Satisfied that the tip was all right, Harvey bought 400 shares of O. & N. on margin at the little bank next morning, the market figure being 85. He also put Sam on to the pointer. That young chap having won a roll on Harvey's previous tip, jumped at the chance to get in on another.

"How do you manage to get hold of these tips, Birch?" he asked.

"Oh, they just come my way because I'm lucky," replied Harvey.

"And you say this is a winner?"

"Just as much of a winner as Iron Mountain."

"That was a good one. I made over \$500 on it."

"Well, with the money you have you ought to make \$1,000 this time."

"How much do you expect to make out of it—five or six thousand? Say, you're going some for a new thing in Wall Street. I never saw any one catch on like you have."

"I took your advice and have been studying the market right along"

"I've been studying it for over two years and haven't made out as well in the market as you have done since you started speculating."

"That's because I'm luckier than you. I am satisfied that luck counts for a whole lot in Wall Street. I haven't made a bad deal yet, and the one I've just got in on is the fifth."

"If I follow your lead, I'll make a boodle quicker than by going on my own hook."

At that moment a rotten apple struck Harvey on the shoulder, caromed and hit Sam square in the nose. He uttered a howl of pain. Harvey turned quickly and saw Tim Casey's grinning face peering from a doorway. He was satisfied that young rascal had flung the missile.

"Who threw that apple at me?" said Sam, holding his nose.

"It was thrown at me by Tim Casey."

"Where is he? I'll knock the daylights out of him," said Sam angrily.

"He's hiding in that doorway yonder. We can't catch him. The moment we started in his direction, he'd cut away. When I meet him again I'll call him to an account for his act."

"I'd like to catch him now. I'm just in the humor to——"

His gaze lighted on the grinning Casey. In a moment he made a bee-line for him. Casey saw him coming and disappeared. He scurried upstairs and when Sam got to the door he was not in sight. Harvey did not follow Sam, but went on to his office. An hour later he encountered Casey on Beaver street. Catching him by the ear, he said:

"What did you throw that rotten apple at me for?"

"What's the matter with you? Let me alone!"

"You might have put my eye out, or Sam Swett's. I'll give you something to make you remember not to do such a thing again."

He gave Casey a slap on each cheek and walked away. Casey, wild with rage, called him many hard names. A banana cart stood a few feet away. At the end of it stood a small pile of over-ripe fruit, marked one cent each. Casey seized one and flung it after Harvey. It whizzed past his hat. The lad from Missouri turned and started back. Casey made a dart to cross the street, struck the end of the banana cart and upset it and its contents on the sidewalk, falling on all fours in the gutter.

The Italian who was in charge of the cart uttered a roar of rage. Casey picked himself up like a monkey and was up the street like a flying meteor. When Harvey saw the ruin made by his enemy he stopped and chuckled.

"I'd hate to be in his shoes if that Italian got hold of him," he said, looking at the infuriated fruit man, who was dancing like a lunatic around his overturned property.

Then Harvey went on his way. Later on he told Sam about the incident, and they laughed over it. Two weeks passed, during which O. & N. gradually went up to 92. Then it took a boom on and jumped to par. Harvey and Sam sold out and gathered in a good profit—the former making \$6,000, and the latter about \$1,300. The boy from Missouri was now worth over \$10,000, and he had only been in Wall Street six months.

He wrote encouraging letters to his father and mother, but he never mentioned a word of his

successful speculations, and his father continued sending him \$5 a week for pocket money. This money he put in a savings bank, for he had no use for it, and did not care to mix it up with his working funds. In the meantime Harvey had met Mr. Dixon, the mining promoter, several times. That gentleman presented him with a handsome diamond pin for what the boy had done for him and, incidentally, his wife. The Sunday papers contained an alluring advertisement setting forth the advantages offered by the Little Giant mine to investors at ten cents a share, and Mr. Dixon, who had taken an office in a Broad street building, sold the stock like hot cakes.

In a month he had gotten rid of every share of the Eastern allotment and was ready to return to Bullfrog, where the mine was situated. The evening before he started he invited Harvey to dine with him and his wife at their hotel, and the boy accented the invitation. After dinner they went to a theater, and at the close of the show Harvey bade Dixon and his wife good-by and started for his boarding house. The block he lived in was deserted and silent, and his footsteps echoed on the sidewalk as he walked along. The papers that day had spoken about the probable rise in copper stocks and the boy from Missouri was wondering if he would be able to make any money out of a line he had not touched yet.

In his mental occupation he reached his abiding place and turned to ascend the steps, when suddenly four tough-looking young fellows appeared out of the area, where they had been hiding, and seized him. Four to one looked like an easy proposition for the aggressors, but they soon discovered that they had tackled a small cyclone. With two blows Harvey knocked a pair of them down, and then proceeded to polish off the other two before the others got on their feet. He would likely have succeeded, for when he landed a blow it did damage, but one of the downed rascals seized him by the leg and embarrassed his movements so much that one of the others managed to reach him with a slungshot, and that was a little bit more than Harvey's head could stand. He went down and out and the scrap was over.

During all this time a night-hawk cab had been standing a short distance away close to the curb. The driver viewed the conflict without leaving his perch. When the finish came, the bruised quartette picked Harvey up, carried him to the cab, opened the door, and threw him inside. Two piled in after him and two crowded on the seat with the driver, who whipped up his sorry-looking nag and drove off down the street toward the west. It might have been two hours later that the lad from Missouri recovered his senses. He found himself bound tightly and stretched on a bed in a dark room, the outline of which he could barely make out by the light of a starry sky which came through a window at one end.

A glimmer of light came under a door connecting with another room, and Harvey heard voices of men in there. The conversation was boisterous and coarse, and from the words he caught he judged they were playing cards. It was not long before the door was opened and a

young, dissolute-looking fellow came in and flashed a match close to Harvey's face.

"You've come around, have you?" he said.

Without another word, he turned around and walked out, closing the door after him. Harvey's wonder was not why he had been attacked, but why he had been brought to that place after having been knocked out. He was not kept long in ignorance. Fifteen minutes later the door opened again and a bearded man entered with a lamp, which he placed on a shelf.

"Now, young fellow, do you know why you are here?" he said.

"No," answered Harvey.

"Because you butted into a little affair on Broadway and 40th street a month ago and a friend of mine was arrested. You spoiled a neat job and that put you in bad with us. We've been watching you ever since and laying for you, but last night was the first chance we got of reaching you. Now we've got you we'll give you a chance to do the right thing. We might have croaked you last night and left you for the cop on the beat to find and send to the morgue, but we thought we could do better by bringing you here."

"What's your proposition?"

"The proposition is to have the charge against our pal dismissed. He's out on bail for the present. We want you to go to the man who was attacked and get him to call the matter off. He'll do it if you ask him, for you saved him from a knockout, and his ticker and wallet from being boosted. Give me your word to do the right thing and we'll take a chance on you," said the man.

"I can't do anything," said Harvey, and then a thought occurred to him. "I might get him to go West right away, but I can't guarantee to make him drop the case."

"How far West could you get him to go?"

"Where he came from—Nevada."

"That's some distance. How do you expect to work it?"

"If you've been following me up, I guess you know I work in Wall Street."

"Yes, we know that all right."

"He's connected with a mine out in Nevada. I can tell him a thing or two that will make him think he'd better get out there in a hurry."

"You think you can do that, eh?"

"I know I can do that much."

"Well, how about yourself when the case comes up? You're a witness."

"It isn't certain I'll be able to identify your pal when I see him again. I would like to see him punished, on general principles, but as long as he did the gentleman no injury I'm not particularly interested in what happens to him."

"I'll talk the matter over with the bunch, and if they say you can go, you'll be released; but if you go back on us we'll croak you as sure as you lie there."

With that parting threat the man took the lamp and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.—The House in the Marsh.

After the departure of the crook, Harvey began to test the tightness of the cord that bound his arms together. Exerting all his strength on

it, he finally loosened it enough to enable him to get one of his arms free. After that the rest was easy. He got off the bed, went to the door and listened. Several men were talking and arguing in the next room. Then he went over to the window, softly raised the sash and looked out.

He found he was on the top floor in the rear of a five-story tenement house, which was one of a block of such houses, and that a line of similar buildings faced on the next street. A long succession of yards filled in the space between, across which ran a maze of clothes lines, from many windows to tall poles at different spots in the center. There were fire escapes to each house, but the nearest to the window Harvey looked out of was several yards away. Apparently it would require wings to reach it.

"There is no escape this way," he thought, "and the only other exit is through the room where the men are."

Looking down, he saw that the window below was down about a foot from the top. He had heard of people escaping from a burning house by means of sheets tied together, and he wondered if he could reach that window by the aid of the sheets on the bed. He struck a match and looked at the bed. The spread was thin and worn, and so was the blanket underneath. There was only one soiled sheet on the bed. The three articles mentioned, if tied together, might answer. He determined to see if they would.

He had no time to lose, for his late visitor was liable to return at any moment, and the boy was not anxious to submit to his terms. He tied the three articles together, then attached the spread to the leg of the bed and threw the rest of his improvised line out of the window. It was pretty long enough; the only question was would it hold his weight? If it parted with him in the air he would drop four full stories into the yard below, and that meant certain death.

Harvey being pluck to the backbone, determined to risk it. Testing the grip of the spread to the bed, he climbed out of the window and took his chances. The spread held and he slipped safely down to the blanket. That held all right, too, and he reached the window sill below without having to use the sheet at all. Raising the lower window sash he stepped into the room. It had a bed in it, like the room he had left, but no one was in it. He struck a match and found the connecting door just as it was above.

He opened it and found himself in a dark living room, the principal furniture of which was a table, several chairs, a stove, a chest of drawers, and other articles. He saw a door leading into another room, and a second door which he judged opened on the common corridor of that floor. It was locked and bolted, but as the key stood in the lock these obstacles were easily overcome and he let himself out of the place. The corridor was as dark as Egypt, but the flare of another match showed him where the stairs were. There was nothing to prevent him going down, and so down he went to the floor below, and so on to the ground floor, where he found the street door.

This was not locked, as it was left open day and night for the free ingress and egress of the tenants, who were of a low and shady character. Once on the street he felt comparatively safe, though his surroundings showed him that he was

in a tough locality. The ground floors of the buildings were occupied by cheap stores and many groggeries. All were closed at that hour. He saw several men slouching along the street so as to avoid suspicion he concluded to imitate their slouching-gait himself. He reached the corner all right and found he was on 41st street by the sign on the street lamp. He turned up the avenue to 42d street without meeting with a soul.

He knew he was on the West Side and on the confines of a bad locality. He started east at a smart pace, keeping to the edge of the sidewalk and using his eyes to see that no one approached him with unfriendly intent. A clock showed him that it was nearly two in the morning. In due course he reached Broadway, and from there to his boarding house he found it plain sailing, and reached his room without further incident. Next morning he debated whether he should call at Police Headquarters on his way downtown and report his night's experience. He finally decided that it wouldn't do any good to do so.

When Mr. Brown reached the office Harvey told him his story and asked him if he thought it was advisable to acquaint the police with the matter.

"Do you remember the house you were carried to?" asked the broker.

Harvey admitted that he did not.

"It was one of a row and about the center of the block, but I could not go there and say which one it was," he said.

"Then you might as well let the matter rest. You only saw one man, and it is probable he was disguised by a false beard, so if any arrest followed your complaint you could not identify the prisoner, and he would be discharged."

So Harvey let the matter drop. When the grand jury shortly afterward took up the case, Mr. Dixon and his wife were back in Bullfrog, and the jury did not consider Harvey's testimony sufficient to indict the accused one. The result was the case was dropped against him and he got off. The crooks believed that Harvey was the cause of Dixon returning West, and he received a note from one of them telling him he had done a wise thing, and that he would not be bothered again.

Harvey turned his attention to the copper situation and waited to see what would happen. The Wall Street papers gave considerable space to copper and the big stocks began to advance some. One financial publication suggested that Caledonia Copper was the best proposition for small investors. This stock was going at about \$5. Harvey decided to buy 2,000 shares of it outright and see how he would come out on the speculation. He advised Sam to buy some of the stock, but that lad did not think there was enough money in it to bother about it.

"But you have something over \$2,000, and have made most of it by following my lead, so if you bought 400 shares, and it went up only \$1 you'd make \$400, and that's a bunch of money—about as much as a year's wages to you," said Harvey.

"I'll think about it," said Sam, but he did not appear very enthusiastic.

Whether he thought it over or not, he didn't buy any Caledonia, and as a consequence he did

not participate in the boom that shortly afterward came and landed Harvey a \$10,000 winner.

"Aren't you sorry you didn't go in?" said Harvey, when Caledonia was up to \$10 a share. "If you'd bought the 400 shares you'd have doubled your capital, just as I have doubled mine."

Sam admitted that he had been slow, but there was no use kicking now. About this time there was an unusual slump in the stock market. The result was that business became slow in Wall Street. The lambs on whom the brokers fattened kept away and none of their funds found its way into the financial district. Many of the traders took advantage of the condition of things to go on a shooting or fishing trip, from two to half a dozen going off together. Broker Brown got up a party of five and picked out Barnegat as the scene of a week's outing contingent on the market not picking up in the meanwhile.

Brown concluded to take Harvey with the party, and the lad from Missouri was delighted at the idea. The party left New York on Saturday afternoon via the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and were landed at their destination early the same evening. They put up at the village inn, where accommodations had been secured in advance. Next day being Sunday, the party rested at the inn. After breakfast next morning they started out with a guide who was hired to take them to a good shooting ground. The landlord of the inn loaned Harvey a shotgun so he could take part in the sport. The day was cloudy and the wind blew from the sea. This was favorable for shooting, and the party began accumulating bags of game soon after they got on the ground. They had brought a bountiful lunch along and ate it about one o'clock.

Shooting was then resumed, but as the afternoon progressed a mist came in from the ocean and the party began to find some difficulty in keeping track of one another. As the air grew darker and the mist thicker, it was decided to call further sport for the day off. When all hands were rounded up, every one but Harvey was accounted for. A hunt was started to find him, but it proved unsuccessful, though the brokers fired off the guns and shouted lustily. Finally the guide suggested that he probably had worked his way around the long sandy ridge and they would overtake him on their way back.

It was the only safe route the boy could have followed when he found himself separated from the party, for any other course would have taken him into the intricacies of the marsh. It happened, however, that Harvey got confused by the mist and went off into the marsh, a route the guide did not think about. This route was a fairly solid path running to the center of the big swamp, where there was a large patch of stable mud on which stood a story-and-a-half house inhabited by one of Barnegat's oldest inhabitants, a man who lived a hermit-like existence, and was only seen in the village once in a long while when he went there to purchase supplies for himself. He lived chiefly on the vegetables he cultivated around his habitation.

His age was variously estimated at between eighty and ninety years, and people alluded to him as the last of the wreckers. His name was Jake Billings. Whenever he appeared in the village he patronized two places—the oldest tavern,

where he purchased a jug of the best whisky, and the original general store where he bought several pounds of smoking tobacco and such stores as he wanted. He held no conversation with anybody, and his taciturnity and rather forbidding face, seamed and scarred like the weather-beaten sides of some old derelict, prevented any familiarity from others.

Harvey stumbled upon this old man's habitation about the time he was missed by his friends. He saw its blackened boards looming up before him in the misty air, and he wondered what he had struck. The two windows looking seaward were closed, but another window, facing in the direction he had come, was open, and through this opening came the strangest sounds the boy had ever heard in his life. He could not tell whether it was an animal or a man who uttered them, but whoever it was seemed to be in great distress. On the presumption that it was a man who was in trouble, Harvey approached the door of the house. At that moment he heard the reports of several shotguns from the direction he had come and the sound of distant shouting.

"That's our party. I guess they've missed me. Now I know about where they are. I'll hustle along in that direction as soon as I see what's wrong in this old shack," thought the boy.

As he spoke, the sounds that were distinctly human reached him through the window, so he lost no time opening the door and walking in.

CHAPTER IX.—The Price of a Glass of Water.

The habitation consisted of one large room on the ground floor, with a ladder leading to the half-story above. The room was furnished with an odd assortment of old furniture and filled with a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, the general character of which indicated the maritime leaning of its occupant. The small rusty cook stove had no fire in it and was choked with wood ashes. The old wooden clock on the largest shelf had run down, and its pendulum, seen through the glass door, was at rest. There was nobody in the room. The sounds Harvey had heard outside came from the floor above, and were groans of a man in pain. Harvey laid down his gun and game bag and ran up the ladder. Poking his head up through the trap, he could see nothing at first, so dark was the place.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

The groaning stopped, and he heard a hoarse whispering as of a very weak person trying to speak with poor success. Harvey jumped up into the half-story and narrowly missed bumping his head against the sloping rafters in the dark. Before advancing further he struck a wall to investigate the surroundings. On a pallet against the roomiest side of the half-story lay the form of a man fully dressed in rough garments. An empty mug and a common kerosene lamp that had burned out stood close by on the floor. There was no furniture in the place; nothing but a sea chest and a lot of marine damage in the shape of coils of rope, a fishing net, fishing lines hanging from nails, and such like. Harvey walk-

ed over to the sick man and saw his glaring eyes fixed upon him.

"Water! Water! In the name of Heaven!" he gasped, in a tone so hoarse and indistinct that only the boy's sharp ears caught the import of the words.

"Where'll I find the water—downstairs?" asked Harvey.

The man nodded his head two or three times with some effort. The boy grabbed up the mug, went down the ladder and found a small fancy keg surrounded by brass hoops on a shelf in a corner. It had a spigot. It was two-thirds full of water and while Harvey was filling the mug he saw a five-quart stone jug on the floor. Before returning upstairs he removed the cork and smelled of the contents. It was whisky.

"That will revive him," thought Harvey. "I'll take him some."

He picked up a glass, half filled it with whisky and carefully carried both the water and the spirits up the ladder. He handed the jug of water to the parched man first and he drained it with an eagerness that was painful to look at. Some of the water went against his breath and nearly strangled him. After a paroxysm of coughing he finished the water to the drop. Harvey lit several matches to give the man light.

Fearful that he would swallow all the whisky the same way as the water, the boy poured most of it into the jug and handed him a couple of swallows. The man drank it eagerly and cried for more. Harvey gave him a second dose, and he revived somewhat. His voice became louded and he insisted on a third drink of whisky. Harvey was not sure he ought to have so much all at once, but the man was so insistent that he finally yielded and let him have it. The man then fell back and breathed heavily, but he seemed to feel better than at first.

Harvey looked at the lamp and saw there was no oil in it. He decided to refill it if he could find the kerosene downstairs. Leaving the man as he was, he went down and found a can partly full of oil. He filled the lamp, trimmed the wick and lighted it. Then he went back upstairs with it. The man beckoned to him to approach close.

"I'm an old man. My name is Jake Billings," he said to Harvey, when the boy knelt beside his rude pillow. "I feel I am dying—that I won't last many hours. I was taken sick several days ago, and with no one near I have suffered the torments of the infernal regions ever since. I wanted drink and could not get it. I am too weak even to crawl out of this bed. I shall never leave it alive. I don't know who you are, boy, but I can see you are a stranger around here. You have given me drink, and I am grateful to you. You are the first person I've spoken to in a friendly way for years. I have lived here alone for thirty years, but the end is come at last. It was bound to in time, but I did not think it would take me so quick and short."

It was a long speech for the sick man, and he was obliged to pause from weakness and shortness of breath. Harvey waited to hear what else he had to say. Billings pointed at the jug that held the balance of the whisky and the boy gave him another drink. This revived him and he went on.

"If you will remain with me here till the end comes I will make it worth your trouble."

"I am willing to do what I can for you, but I think you ought to have a doctor as soon as possible."

"I don't want any doctor. He could do me no good. I'm too old to rally after what I've gone through. You may not believe me, but I am ninety-two years old."

"As old as that?" said Harvey, surprised, for the man's hair was not white, but an iron gray, and he had more of it than some young people.

His features, though now thin and pinched, looked rugged and as tough as nails.

"Yes, as old as that. I'm the last of the old Barnegat colony of fishermen, and in those days we were wreckers as well. Many a ship and smaller craft has come ashore along the outer beach before the lighthouse was built and the Coast Guard came here to warn and save those driven this way in stormy weather. From the wrecks we had many rare pickings—gold, silver, jewels, and other things of more or less value. I never married, and instead of spending my findings in liquor at the dram shops in the village, I hoarded it up. I have now a pretty pile, and I don't want to see it go into the hands of the land sharks that live around here now. I intend to give everything to you if you will stand by me till I drift out on the uncharted sea of eternity. You will find that my hoard is worth many thousands of dollars. It will give you a start in life. Before you turned up I would have given every bit of it for a cupful of water. You gave me the water, and, more, you brought me whisky, which has buoyed me up some, and so my hoard is yours, but I ask you in charity's name to stay with me during my last hours."

He paused again and Harvey assured him that he would remain with him. He told the sick man how he had come that way with a shooting party, consisting of his boss and five Wall Street brokers, and how when the mist came in and grew thick around the edge of the marsh he had become separated from the party and wandered to the house.

"I don't believe I'd be able to find my way back to the party now, for I've no doubt that the mist is thicker than it was when I came here, so I suppose I'll have to stay here anyway until somebody familiar with this locality comes after me. If nobody comes, the chances are I'll have to stay till morning," said Harvey.

"You have no idea where you are now, then?" said Billings.

"Not the slightest."

"You're in the middle of the marsh, on a small piece of solid ground. I put up this house with the help of two of my old friends nearly forty years ago. For a few years one of them lived with me. Then he died, and from that time I've lived alone, shunning the new generation that was growing up in this vicinity, for there was nothing in common between us. I've only visited the village twice within the last fourteen months. I have always been able to raise enough in my garden to live on, to which I have added fish I have caught in the bay and ducks and birds I've shot in the marsh. If I could have raised tobacco and made whisky I never would have gone near the village."

"I guess the free, open and simple life you lived preserved your life beyond the usual span of human kind."

"Yes, that is so. Fresh air, no worry, and exercise, with a plain diet and plenty of it is all any man needs to live on. The life of cities is involuntary suicide."

Harvey agreed with him, but still what is the use of a long life when you cannot have a good time?

"Do you see that chest yonder?" said Billings.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"It has a stout lock, but here is the key," and he took the article from a hole in his mattress. "Take the lamp, unlock it and look into it."

Harvey followed his directions. When he threw up the lid of the old-fashioned sea chest he found a tray filled with clothes and odds and ends, including a sailor's sewing kit.

"I see nothing but clothes," he said.

"Lift the tray," said Billings.

The tray was a deep one, but the wearing apparel was not very heavy, so he lifted it without much trouble. Underneath he saw an old, faded American flag spread close around the sides of the trunk.

"Shall I remove the flag?" Harvey asked.

"Yes, but put it back after you have seen what is underneath," said the dying man.

Harvey pulled one side of the flag back. Beneath it was a considerable space filled with boxes of gold and silver coin, together with several bundles of bills. There were also boxes holding old-style watches, golden fob watch-holders, and hundreds of bits of jewelry, in which glistened diamonds, rubies, garnets, pearls, emeralds and other gems. There were many valuable inlaid trinkets and other articles too numerous to specify. The display fairly amazed the Wall Street boy.

"You did not steal this?" he said.

"Not in the sense you think. I took it from corpses washed ashore from lost vessels. Some of it I found in wrecks that had drifted on the sands with no one aboard to lay claim to anything. It is all fair spoil, my lad, perfectly fair, for I took none of it against the owner's wishes. And now I give it all to you to do with as you please, for I have no further use for it. It is the price of the glass of water. It will make you rich in a way and you are welcome to it."

CHAPTER X.—Conclusion.

Harvey was not a little staggered at the extent of the dying stranger's legacy. That he should come in for it in such an unexpected way was equally astonishing to him. It seemed as if he must be dreaming, and he pinched himself to see if he was really awake. Yes, he was awake, all right. Then it occurred to him that he would find trouble in taking away any of the old man's property after he was dead. There was no witness to this legacy, and therefore it wouldn't stand the test of law. He called the dying man's attention to the fact. Billings thought a moment and then told Harvey he would find paper, pens and ink downstairs.

"Draw up a kind of will and I'll sign it," he said.

"That won't go, either," said the boy.

"Why not?"

"A will to be valid must have at least two witnesses."

"Then the only thing you can do is to go downstairs, pick out a couple of small bags you will find there, fill them with the money and jewelry, and carry them off with you as soon as I'm dead."

"I could do that, but when I report your death, if you do die, I might be suspected of taking your property, which I had no right to."

Finally Harvey decided to make out a bill of sale for the sea chest and its contents for and in consideration of the sum of \$5.

"Make it any way you think best," said Billings.

So Harvey drew up the paper, handed the man the bill, and he signed the document. Then he relocked the chest and put the key in his pocket. He went downstairs and prepared some gruel for the dying man. He tried to take it, but could only swallow two spoonfuls. He prepared some hot whisky and gave Billings some of that. The old man then dropped off to sleep. Harvey, feeling hungry after his afternoon's sport and tramp, went down to see what he could find to eat. He found coffee and made a small pot of it. He also found a bag of soda crackers. The smell of the coffee made him more hungry, so he plucked two of his smallest birds, cleaned them, and fried them in a pan, seasoning them with pepper and salt. There was no butter in the place, as the old man never used it, but there was fat enough to accomplish the frying. Hunger is the best sauce in the world, and Harvey felt no disposition to quarrel with his own cooking, which was pretty fair, all things considered.

He ate both birds to the bones and wished there were more. He topped off with coffee and crackers. Feeling pretty good, he returned to the old man. Before doing so, he looked out and found the mist as thick as an ordinary fog. His watch told him that it was seven o'clock. He wondered what Mr. Brown would do about his absence. Probably he would hire a number of the inhabitants to start out to beat up the shooting grounds for him. In any case, he did not worry. He knew he could get away from the house as soon as daylight came and the mist cleared away. He went upstairs and sat beside the sleeping Billings.

It was a dreary sort of vigil to keep away out there in the center of the marsh. Harvey, however, let his thoughts dwell on his strange legacy, and he tried to estimate the value of it. There were several thousand dollars in money, and the jewels might pan out a great deal more when their value was estimated by an expert. In any case, with his capital of \$20,000, he would be considered a rich boy. He wondered what his folks out on the Missouri farm would say when he wrote them telling how prosperous he had become since he came to Wall Street. So time passed, and almost before the boy knew it, it was ten o'clock. Then it was he heard the distant report of guns.

"That's from a party hunting for me," he thought.

As the old man was still sleeping, he ran downstairs, got his gun, stepped outside, and fired off both barrels. More firing followed closer. He put in two more cartridges and fired them off. Two shots followed still closer, at the edge of the marsh. Harvey fired for the third time. After an interval a shot was heard closer still. The searchers, who knew the way to the old wrecker's house, were coming there, for the shooting in that direction indicated that the strayed boy was there. In a short time they arrived, guided by a fire Harvey had started in the open space before the house.

"So this is where you are?" said the head man.

"You were sent out to look for me, I suppose?" said the boy.

"Of course. Are you ready to go back with us?"

"No. The old man who lives here is ill in bed. He says he's dying and he asked me to remain with him till he died. I promised to do so."

"So old Jake Billings is really giving up the ghost, is he?" said the man. "I thought he was going to live forever. He was an old man when I was a boy running around the beach. He must be a hundred."

"He told me he was ninety-two."

"Then you've been talking with him?"

"We had a long talk."

"Then you're the first person he's been sociable with since I can remember—all of thirty years. What did he tell you? Anything about himself?"

"Yes. A number of things. He said he was the last of the old fishing colony of Barnegat."

"He certainly is. He lived when wrecking was a popular occupation. I'll bet he's got a lot of money hidden away in the old shack."

"Come up and see him."

"Maybe he wouldn't want to see any of us."

"I guess he would be glad to if he really is dying."

The shooting Harvey had done had awakened the old man from his fitful slumbers, and they found him wide-awake. The newcomers spoke to him and he told them he was fast drifting out on the unknown sea.

"This boy has done me a great favor. I was suffering the greatest agony when he came here and relieved me," said Billings. "He has made my last moments peaceful so I want him to have all I leave behind me."

"Your money, you mean?"

"Yes and all my traps."

"Then you'd better make a will and have the thing done up right."

"I've given him a paper that covers that sea chest and its contents. You had better look at

the paper and then sign it as a witness that I have given it to him for the sum of five dollars."

"All right; but you ought to keep enough back to see that you are respectfully buried," said the man.

The new paper read that Jake Billings transferred everything of which he died possessed of to Harvey Birch in consideration of the sum of \$250 to be expended on his funeral, which should include a suitable headstone and a lot in the village cemetery. The old man signed it, and all present, excepting the boy, signed it as witnesses. An hour later Billings died.

The house was then locked up and Harvey accompanied the men back to the inn. He was received with acclamation, and his story was listened to with interested attention. Next day the coroner held an inquest on Billings, listened to Harvey and the other witnesses of the old man's death, and issued a permit for his burial. Harvey, at the first chance, had the sea chest removed to the inn, and gave an order to the local undertaker to give the dead man a first-class funeral. The body was taken to the undertaker's, where it was prepared for interment, and then allowed to remain on view. Nearly everybody in Barnegat went to see the corpse of the fisherman-wrecker.

Speculation was rife as to what extent the young New Yorker benefited by his death, many believing he had come into a good thing, which was the truth. Harvey bought a grave in the best part of the cemetery, had it railed in and a neat shaft put up to the old man's memory. Altogether, the expense was twice \$250, but he did not grudge the money. He found that there was \$8,000 in money in the chest, and the jewels panned out \$20,000 more. Thus his trip to Barnegat was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Broker Brown's boy.

Next week's issue will contain "THE ODDS AGAINST HIM or, THE BOY WITH GRIT."

FINGER AMPUTATED BY RING

Ralph When, a Vallejo, Cal., high-school student basketball player, was the victim of a peculiar accident while playing basketball. When was removing the ball from the net when his companions, who had lifted him in their hands to secure the ball, let go their hold, and as he dropped to the floor the silver ring on the little finger of his right hand became caught in the iron hoop that holds the net in such a manner as to amputate the member.

CURRENT NEWS

BIG DEER RUNS THROUGH TOWN

A full grown antlered deer bolted through some miles of Scranton, Pa., streets the other day, leaving a trail of shattered windows and scattered provisions. The animal came from no one knows where, whither he apparently returned.

GETS MANY BLACKFISH

Samuel Pettyman discovered a school of blackfish off the Delaware Breakwater one day recently and with a hook and line landed 297 fish ranging in weight up to six pounds. He disposed of the fish at 12 cents a pound.

POISONING BY RHUBARB

In certain parts of France it is a common practice to cook rhubarb leaves and eat them as a vegetable. This custom is not devoid of danger and the Paris correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association mentions several cases of serious poisoning by rhubarb leaves. Several similar cases, one of which ended fatally, have been reported from Switzerland.

STILL FOUND IN SCHOOL.

An improvised moonshine still in operation and more than sixty gallons of mesh were found in the basement of a school building in Charleston, W. V., by the police. The boiler or "cooker" was a ten-gallon fire extinguisher from which a copper coil led to a granite kettle.

The boiler was filled with mesh, police said, and more than fifty gallons more were discovered elsewhere in the basement. No arrests were made.

DEATH BATTLE FOR YOUNG.

Finding of the bodies of a huge eagle and a mountain ram on Table Mountain in Butte County, Cal., revealed a desperate battle to the death between the great bird and the mountain goat, in which each was actuated by love for their young. The eagle, according to mountaineers, three days ago seized a small kid from the rams herd to feed her small eaglets in their nest high on top of the mountain. Returning on a similar mission the ram attacked the eagle and the pair battled to the death.

MANY USES FOR THE SHARK

Sharks' fins are usually sold for consumption by Chinese, but shark fins "Newburg" are a delicious dish, says the Scientific American. Each liver gives about a gallon of oil and is used as a preservative for leather and as a vehicle for paint. The meat is used for chicken feed or as a fertilizer, and the skins afford a source for aquatic leather. Shark steaks are sometimes served in the Chinese quarters of Pacific Coast cities under the name, if name be given at all, of "grayfish."

TAKE NOTICE!

The Cash Prize Contest is closed, which began in No. 95 of

"Mystery Magazine".

The judges have decided on the six winners, and their versions of the story, "The Great Hindoo Ruby," will be published in

No. 100, Out January 1st, 1922

Be sure to get a copy from your newsdealer, and see who the lucky contestants are

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Get the Current Number, Out To-day

Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAYTER IV.—(Continued.)

"You are a pack of cowardly curs!" snarled Newcastle, while Dan laughed at his discomfiture.

"Well, are you going to hand back those papers?" asked Dan, with steely determination.

"No; and I'd like to see you get them!" said Newcastle, bitterly. "I paid for them, but now you've got to pay me in the same coin before I get through. And I've got possession of the documents which put you out of the reckoning."

Dan only smiled impertinently.

"If that does you any good to think so, why, then, you are welcome to them. They may get back into my hands yet. I have a little power in places where you don't know."

Newcastle looked puzzled.

He did not know what Dan meant.

Neither did Dan.

It was just one of these little remarks which a fellow occasionally lets out to baffle an opponent. Dan continued the illusion by adding:

"And I might tell you that I've got about ten friends of mine and my father's right here in this crowd of mountaineers that you think are all so faithful to you. There are spies every place you turn, Jake Newcastle, and the very first time you try any treachery with me, you are going to get your punishment from your own ranks. From some of the men you trust the most in this world!"

This was a clever thought of Dan's—it made the moonshiner king look about him with a startled way. Every man was staring at his fellows with a scared expression.

Dan had cleverly aroused in the rascals that treacherous fear which wreaks havoc with so many clever wicked men; he had planted a seed of terror which protected him more than once in the days to come.

"Come on, Zachary, let's go along our way. Mr. Newcastle has some of my papers, but I'll do my best to get along without them now. And Mr. Newcastle and his friends know that there are sworn friends of mine in their crowd this minute who will avenge with death the attempt to betray us! We've got a long trip before us."

CHAPTER V.

Into the Wilderness.

Dan and Zachary were not molested as they left the ramshackle village of Johnsville.

The fear of secret revenge kept a restraining influence on the moonshine gang.

As they rode down the slanting, tree-covered trail toward the land which they were going to prospect and inspect, Zachary could hardly control his mirth.

Finally he burst forth into hearty guffaws.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he roared when they were a mile or so out of the settlement. "That was the gosh-dingest trick I ever seed, Dan Dobson, shore as shootin'!"

Dan smiled at the recollection.

It was quite an amusing situation, now that they had once more reached a position where restraint was not necessary.

"How did you like the expression on their faces when I told them that there were a score or so of traiters among them?"

"Dan, ye're a wonder. I don't see how ye did it. Wha'd ye git such a confounded ideer, anyway?"

Scratching his head at the lad's cleverness, old Zach showed his admiration in his clear gray eyes.

"Thar ain't no flies on ye, that's sartin'."

"Oh the flies don't prove anything one way or the other," laughed Dan, modestly. "It was not at all clever—I had read somewhere in a story about a man protecting himself in just such a way. I was lucky to remember it—and work it in just at the right moment."

"Ye shore was. But, we'll have troubbil with them fellers yit. I knows the hull passel of 'em!"

"I am not afraid of them now, Zachary," said honest Dan. "There is no reason why we should be afraid of those mountaineers. We are going about our own business and trying to be square with every one. Honest men are appreciated everywhere."

Old Zachary shook his head dolefully.

"Well, I reckon I know 'em. I know 'em!" he muttered. "They don't appreciate nawthin' 'ceptin' it be evil, some of them rascals. That Jake Newcastle will play slick tricks on us both."

Dan kept silent, for he was thinking of many things. At last he spoke.

"Well, time will tell. Meantime we ought to be about at the beginning of my father's land. I have the real charts here in my bootleg," he remarked. "That Newcastle only got duplicates of the deed, and he didn't get my maps, which are really important to us."

The lad spread the paper out and scrutinized it, looking above him to get the points of the compass right.

"Yes, here is this long turn in the road, with the wooden bridge over the creek. Now, my father's land begins from this point on, Zachary, and we'll keep a good lookout for it all."

They rode along carefully, studying the heavy timber of the old colonel's property.

"This looks as though it would make a great lumber-mill country some day."

"Yes, my boy, it shore will. But, look along there—that's a trail blazed right into the timber, from this edge of the prop'ty!" exclaimed quick-eyed Zachary Shank.

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

WORLD'S SHORTHAND CHAMPION

The world sees its youngest champion shorthand writer in Albert Schneider, 20 years old, of New York. He wrote 175 words a minute without a single error, 200 words a minute with 12 errors, 240 with 22 errors, and 280 words with 44 mistakes.

COPPER SNAKE FOUND

A copper serpent, believed to have been the object of worship by prehistoric inhabitants, has been found in a plowed field near Monk's Mount, the largest of the Cahokia group of Indian mounds near East St. Louis, Ill.

Dr. W. K. Moorehead, scientist, who is directing excavation work on the mounds, pronounced the find important. He said only three other similar serpents have been found in American mounds.

The serpent is six inches long, made of refined copper and has four coils.

ALASKA IVORY TOYS

A big shipment of Alaskan ivory toys for white boys and girls arrived in Seattle, Wash., on the last voyage this year of the steamer Victoria.

The carved ware is the work of Esquimos on King Island, one of the Doimedes group of the Aleutian chain. Each summer the natives send out the trinkets which they carve during the long, dark winter.

Walrus ivory is largely used, although some of the carvings appear to have been made from very aged ivory, which leads scientists to wonder if the remains of mastodons have been unearthed there. The King Island natives are as clever with the hard ivory as American carpenters are with soft wood.

A large shipment of mukluks, parkas and other fur articles made by these Esquimos is being re-shipped from here to Northern China, where it is in big demand.

ODDS AND ENDS

Beggars in China are taxed, and have certain districts allotted to them in which to make appeals for charity.

During a violent storm, a shower of white butterflies fell in Bernay, Switzerland, the streets being covered to a depth of two inches.

A giraffe assumes a high position immediately after its birth. At that time he measures six feet from his hoofs to the top of his head.

In ten years the offspring of ten rabbits, if left unmolested, will number seventy million.

It is a peculiarity of the horse to arise on its forelegs first, while the cow first arises on its hind legs.

Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine Islands from a strong, silky fiber obtained from pineapple leaves.

Electric lights, with basins of petroleum below them, are now used in France to destroy night-flying insects that injure vineyards. In one basin 4,500 insects were recently caught in one night.

The Arabs show their friendliness when meeting by shaking hands six or eight times. Arabs of distinction go beyond this—they embrace each other several times.

Chinese streets are always made crooked to keep the evil spirits out of them.

Illiteracy is amazingly common in Spain. Seventy-two per cent. of the Spanish people cannot read or write.

"Pan" was the name of one of the Green gods. The word means "all," or "universal." Hence "Pantheism"—the doctrine that all is God. Hence, too, "Pan-American"—that is, all that is American, all the countries of North and South America. When Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas night, 1776, to win his victory the next day at Trenton he undoubtedly used the provisional flag, thirteen stripes, to represent the United Colonies, with the cross of St. George in the corner. It was on August 6, 1777, more than seven months after Trenton, that the "Stars and Stripes" was first flung to the breeze at the battle of Oriskany.

The highest point inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, Tibet, where monks live at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

How A Plan Was Cleverly Blocked

By PAUL BRADDON

"You are wanted in the governor's room, Smith," said a clerk to me, as he passed my desk.

When I entered Mr. Spencer's room I found him deep in conversation with Mr. Hill, his junior partner.

"Don't go, Smith," said Mr. Spencer to me, seeing that I was about to withdraw.

The two diamond merchants continued talking in an understone, Mr. Hill apparently urging some course which his senior was opposing. At length Mr. Spencer—a fine-looking, elderly man, who bore his sixty summers well—pushed back his chair, saying aloud:

"No, Hill, we must send Smith. You must be in Amsterdam to-morrow, so you can't go. Howard is in Glasgow; Crawley is ill in bed. We must send one of the young ones, and I prefer Smith. Smith," he continued, turning to me, "I want you to undertake a very responsible task. You know that we are sending some jewels of great value to be exhibited at the Glasgow exhibition. They must arrive to-morrow morning; and as Crawley is on the sick list, I wish you to take them to Glasgow by the express to-morrow morning. You have been with us four years now, and I have the greatest confidence in your good sense and carefulness. Will you go?"

Of course I said that I would.

"Very good," said my employer. "Now, as to the packing of the diamonds. They must be carried in an ordinary bag—one not likely to attract attention."

"I have a Gladstone bag," I replied. "One that is nearly new."

"That will do very well," said Mr. Hill. "You had better bring your bag here empty about nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and Mr. Spencer will place the jewels in it and send you off in time to catch the ten o'clock express."

The next morning I was at the office by nine o'clock, bringing with me my Gladstone bag empty, and a smaller bag for my personal luggage. As it happened, however, Mr. Spencer was a few minutes late, and by the time he had taken from his safe and packed away in my bag the necklaces, brooches, bracelets and unset jewels which I was to carry to Glasgow, it was too late for me to catch the ten o'clock express at Euston Square.

"You had better wait here half an hour and take the eleven o'clock train," said Mr. Spencer. "When you arrive in Glasgow, drive straight to the best hotel and deliver the bag to the manager, taking a receipt for it. In that way the gems will be perfectly safe—quite as safe as if you had reached the town earlier in the evening."

I accordingly went to Euston Square, and took a seat in the eleven o'clock train. Hardly had I done so when the guard came along the line of carriages with a telegram in his hand, calling out my name. The message was merely from Mr. Spencer and Hill, desiring me to telegraph my safe arrival as soon as possible. I laughed at Mr. Spencer's extreme carefulness.

Before the train started two passengers entered my compartment and appropriated the corner seats at the farther end of it. One of them was a young fellow about my own age, a little loud and vulgar in his manner, but pleasant enough. The other was a man some fifteen or twenty years older, whose appearance was not very attractive. He was a thick-set, burly fellow, with a bushy, russet beard. Across one of his eyebrows was a clean, skin-colored mark that looked as if it had been made by a cut, and it was this, perhaps, that gave a sinister look to his face. I determined to keep myself to myself, and make no new acquaintances—on this journey, at all events.

In pursuance of this prudent resolve, I answered civilly the casual remarks made by the younger of my two fellow-passengers, but did not enter into conversation with him.

As the day drew to a close, we all three—no fourth person had entered the compartment—grew more communicative. We had left Beattock and its hills behind us, and were nearing Glasgow.

We were still some fifty miles from our destination when my talkative fellow-traveler offered me a cigar. I took it and lighted it. It had a pleasant though peculiar flavor; but as I was enjoying it I felt that I was getting drowsy—very drowsy. There was nothing remarkable in this, but it occurred to me that I had heard of drugged cigars. Better, I thought, to err on the safe side; so I allowed my cigar to go out, and forced myself to talk so as to keep off the drowsiness.

Presently—whether on account of anything in the cigar, or not, I do not know—I began to suffer from an intolerable thirst. My flask was empty, and I did not dare to apply to my fellow-travelers, but to drink was a necessity. I counted the moments till we should reach the next station—Carstairs.

The crowd there was so great and the accommodation so inadequate that I was half mad with thirst and fear of losing the train before I could get back to the platform; and when I did so, what was my dismay to see the front half of the train moving slowly away.

Running as fast as I could, I overtook the train, opened the carriage door and jumped in. I felt as if my brain had turned round. I knew that I had been traveling in the forward part of the train; yet here, in the very rearmost carriage, were seated my two fellow-passengers.

I gazed at them in astonishment, and they stared at me. On the floor of the carriage was a portmanteau, which I recognized as belonging to the middle-aged man. It was open, and a miscellaneous collection—among them some articles of woman's dress—appeared.

"Why—how— Have you changed your carriage?" I asked.

"We had to change, going to Edinburgh."

"But you are wrong!" I exclaimed. "The Edinburgh carriages were still standing at the platform when I left. This train is bound for Glasgow."

"That's your fault, Jim," said the man with the scar on his eyebrow. "I told you to ask the guard, and you said that it was all right—that

you were sure that we were in an Edinburgh carriage."

As soon as we reached Motherwell, I bade my fellow-travelers good-evening, ran along the train to my own carriage. My compartment was empty. I darted in and heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief when I saw that everything was exactly as I had left it.

In a few seconds we were again in motion, and I began to get my things in order for leaving the train. In moving my Gladstone bag it seemed to me, I thought, rather lighter than it had been in the morning.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed to myself; but my heart began to beat fast as I took out my bunch of keys. The key did not fit easily, but it turned the lock.

Empty!

Thirty thousand pounds, Mr. Spencer had told me, was the value of the jewels, and now they were gone. I saw myself suspected, disgraced, dismissed, ruined.

But the carriages were slowly coming to a standstill. We were stopping now, not at the Central station, but at a smaller one where the tickets were collected. Long before the train stopped I was on the platform, running toward the carriage in which I had left the thieves. I could not see that any one left the train, but when I came to the compartment into which I had jumped at Carstairs, it was empty.

Rushing up to the guard, I told him of my loss, and added that I felt certain that the thieves were in the train.

I described the two men as well as I could, and began to hunt through the carriages myself. It was all to no purpose. They were not to be seen. At length the guard said that he could not detain the train any longer, and half mechanically I went back to my carriage.

At the Central station I placed myself at the principal exit and watched the departing passengers. In vain! When the last one had gone I went to the nearest police station and reported my loss. Then I returned to the railway terminus, and, with a despairing heart, began to question porters and cabmen.

As I was talking to a stupid cabman outside the station I noticed that a sharp little street boy was listening eagerly.

"I saw a man wi' a red beard," he said. "I carried his bag for him."

"Show me where you carried the portmanteau to, and I will give you half a crown," said I to the lad.

He was off like an arrow, and I after him.

In ten minutes' time he stopped at the door of a small, ill-looking public house in a back street. Having given the boy his half crown and sent him away, I entered the place.

A stout man in shirt-sleeves came forward to me.

"Can I have a bed here?" I asked.

"Full up."

"You can give me a glass of whisky and some bread and cheese, then."

He took me into an ill-smelling room, turned up a small gas-jet, and went to get my supper. On one side of the room was a kind of glass screen, shaded by a red curtain on the other side

of it. I could hear men's voices, though indistinctly. I quietly mounted a chair. There was a narrow gap, not above a quarter of an inch, between the top of the curtain and the top of the glass screen. I peeped through and looked right into the face of—my employer, Mr. Hill.

My heart leaped. He would help me to trace the thieves. I sprang to the floor and ran out of the room. Then I stopped. "Why should he be here?" I asked myself. "How did he come to be in this low den in Glasgow?"

I went back, mounted on the chair again and looked over the curtain. Two persons who had been sitting with their backs to the wall against which I was resting were now on their feet, leaning over the table. One was the man with the scar on his eyebrow; the other was his fellow-traveler, in a woman's hat and gown. My bag lay on a chair at Mr. Hill's left hand.

The barman then came in with my meal.

"Look here," said I. "It is very late. I must sleep here to-night. Any corner will do," and I slipped half a crown—I feared to give him more—into his hand.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, and beckoning me to follow him, led the way upstairs and into a small, dirty bedroom.

"This'll be half a croon," said he.

I paid him and he left me.

I blew out my candle and, cautiously opening the door, began a tour of inspection, guided by the faint light which came up the staircase.

I crept down to the room I had seen the burglars in. I opened the door. The room was empty.

I locked myself in a clothes-closet. In less than half an hour some one came into the room, lit the gas and shut and locked the door. Then I heard the sounds of some one undressing, and the light went out.

I opened the door a very little way for air, but remained standing where I was for at least two hours; then I stole out and listened. Some one in the great bed was breathing heavily.

Creeping on my hands and knees to the side of the bed I found, as I had anticipated, that a Gladstone bag—my own, no doubt—was lying on top of the counterpane, the body of the sleeper partly resting against it.

In two minutes more I had carried it to my own room, and was opening it with trembling fingers. Yes, the jewels were there safe!

I reached London without any adventure and went straight to Mr. Spencer. The surprise of that gentleman at seeing me and hearing my story may be imagined. Next day he carefully examined the books, and found that his junior partner had been robbing him to a very considerable extent.

Mr. Hill, it afterwards transpired, had been speculating wildly on the Stock Exchange, and was at his wits' end to obtain money to meet his losses. He had thus been tempted to rob his partner, and not content with the sums he had obtained by understanding the prices of good sold and forth, he had conceived the idea of swindling Mr. Spencer out of some five-and-twenty thousand pounds at one stroke. He never appeared at the office again.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

EAGLE ATTACKS A CHILD

A bald eagle, with a wing spread of seven feet, the other day attempted to carry away a nine-year-old girl name Gibbs from the veranda of her home at Vanderhoof, Canada. The struggles of the child and her mother prevented the bird from getting away, and it was finally beaten to death by Matthew Semple. The girl suffered a number of flesh wounds.

TWO PEAR CROPS

Two crops of pears every year for eight years is the record of a pear tree owned by C. G. Carsten of No. 615 West 17th street, Vancouver, B. C.

The tree, which is small, produced seventy-five pears for its first crop and thirty-six for the second. The blossoms for the second crop usually start appearing about the time the first crop matures.

The tree was injured during a cold spell a few years ago and practically ceased growing, although it never failed to produce its two crops of pears. However, in the last few months a rapid growth has been noted.

HANGS HIMSELF IN GARAGE WHILE WIFE AWAITS CAR

Leaving to get the automobile in which he and wife were to drive to Florida, Blaine Jonas Knerr, thirty-nine, former Assistant Comptroller of the Northwestern Motor Company of Detroit, went to the garage at No. 69 Atlantic avenue, Oceanside, L. I., the other afternoon and committed suicide by hanging himself to a beam.

Mr. Knerr suffered a nervous breakdown several months ago, and his failure to get well quickly is believed to have caused his act.

While in Detroit, Mr. Knerr became ill and was compelled to resign his position. He and his wife came East and lived at Oceanside with Mrs. Knerr's mother, Mrs. K. Rustin. Mr. Knerr failed to recover rapidly and this worried him continually. On the advice of his physician it was decided that he spend several months in Florida, and plans were made to leave the following morning.

WHITE PLAINS MOTOR BUS KILLS DEER

A buck weighing 200 pounds was killed just inside the northern limits of White Plains recently when it was struck by a motor bus returning to White Plains from Valhalla.

Just as the bus came opposite the rural cemetery in Broadway, the deer sprang from some bushes and cleared the road in front of the bus in about two leaps. The bus hit its hind quarters, however, breaking the two hind legs. The deer fled to an adjoining lot and disappeared in the bushes.

The matter was at once reported to the White Plains police and Lieut. John J. Joyce went to the scene. He frightened the animal out of a thicket and killed it with one revolver shot. The body was taken in the patrol wagon to Police Headquarters, where hundreds of residents viewed it. The deer was about three years old, Lieut. Joyce said.

Miss Mildred Weed, who lives near the cemetery, said that many deer frequent her neighborhood and that some came into the yard and eat out of her garbage can.

LAUGHS

Nurse (taking his temperature)—Sir, you are in danger—your temperature is 104. Business Man—When it reaches 105 sell.

Dorothy (who quotes Shakespeare)—What is your favorite play? Charles—Well, I believe I like to see a man steal second as well as anything.

Judge—Your wife complains that for three years you never spoke to her. What reason can you assign for such conduct? Defendant—I didn't want to interrupt her.

"Pa, what's a preferred creditor?" "The kind a prefer is the one who is willing to take it for granted that I'll pay him just as soon as I can conveniently spare the money."

Lena—Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night; he came and proposed to me. Maud—Did he? Then he must have got rid of them in some other way.

"My husband, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Blank, "used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel. But now——" She gave a bitter laugh. "Now," she said, "he takes a long pull at his traveling flask."

A father recently overheard his young son use a word he did not approve, and calling the child to him said: "My son, if you will promise me never to use that word again I'll give you a silver dime." The little fellow promised, and true to his word refrained. About a week later he went to his father and said: "Papa, I've learned a new word worth fifty cents."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

FOR BERNHARDT'S TOMB

Close to her island home, Belle-Ile en Mer, in the Bay of Biscay, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has bought from the French Government for \$96 a little rocky islet, where she intends to make her burial place.

It has long been her habit when traveling to take with her a coffin, and she intends to give personal attention to the planning of her tomb.

GATHERING DEAD SEA FRUIT

Bitumen is gathered in Palestine from the Dead Sea, where it is found floating on the surface. Prior to the war this bitumen was gathered and turned over to an American, who lived in Jerusalem, who in turn exported it by special permit. Practically the entire output was sent to Germany, where it was used in preparing the gloss of patent leather.

A GIANT LOCOMOTIVE

The largest and most powerful locomotive ever shipped from the United States was built at the Schenectady, N. Y., plant of the American Locomotive Company, for the Peking-Suiyuan Railway of China. Length over all of locomotive and tender, 94 feet 9 inches; total weight when ready for operation, 320 tons; 3,000 maximum horsepower.

K. Y. Kwong, engineer-in-chief, and S. T. Wang of the Peking-Suiyuan Railway, co-operated in the design of the locomotive. Mr. Kwong was educated in the United States and is to-day one of the most prominent engineers in his native country, and has been devoting his time to the building and developing of her railways. The locomotives are equipped with the most modern and effective attachments for economy and labor-saving devices, such as superheaters, Elvin automatic mechanical stokers and the latest power steam reverse gear.

BOY'S SHOT SAVES SEVERAL FROM BEAR

Fighting to save his own life and the lives of several younger brothers and sisters, George Haught, fourteen-year-old son of an Arizona backwoodsman living in the heart of the Mogollon Mountains, with one shot of a .32 calibre rifle killed an 800-pound silver tip bear that had attacked the children on a narrow mountain road.

The bear confronted the youngsters as they rounded a sudden turn in the trail on their way home from school. Flight, the older boy saw, was impossible, as the younger children would soon be overtaken if the bear pressed the attack and the dim light of approaching night made the trail unsafe for rapid progress. Quick action was necessary.

Levelling his rifle, and aware that to wound and not to kill would mean death from the infuriated beast, the big brother fired with deadly accuracy.

TEN FUNERAL MOURNERS DIE ON TRAIN CROSSING

Ten persons were killed or fatally injured November 19, when a Santa Fé flier struck a funeral procession on a crossing between Summit and Lyons, fourteen miles west of Chicago.

John E. Pettoski, the undertaker, and five men, two women and two children were killed. Some of the victims have not been definitely identified. Mr. and Mrs. John Ziemianim were the parents of Emily Ziemianim, 2 years old, who was being buried. The father Peter Ziemianim, died in a hospital. John Krustek was another of those who died from his injuries. His wife was among the injured.

Three other mourners, a man, woman and child, were severely injured. They were taken to a hospital, where efforts to learn from them the identity of the dead were halted because of their serious injuries. The driver of the hearse, which crossed the track ahead of the train, did not discover the rest of the funeral party was missing until he reached the cemetery, a mile away. The train, pulled by two locomotives, traveled nearly a mile before it could be brought to a stop.

SOAP ARTIST BACK AGAIN

"Well, at last I know that one line of business which was knocked in the head by the action of Mr. Volstead has come back into its own!" exclaimed the business man as he looked about the lunchroom of a serve-yourself place in the downtown business section.

"How is that, and what business do you refer to, Jim?" asked his companion, as they both climbed on adjoining stools at the one counter where you could be served by a single white-coated attendant.

"Why, the old-time 'bar decorator,' who used to put the soapsuds pictures of Napoleon or Niagara Falls or Winter-time in Switzerland across the mirrors of the saloon," replied Jim. "I used to enjoy watching him work and even found out when the pictures were to be changed so that I could be there and watch him work."

"Now he has a job putting the menu on the mirrors about these lunchrooms, or on the glass windows leading to the street. He can change the menu faster than the counterman could put in a card in the other style of 'score-board' and also has a variety of terms and new names for old dishes. In fact, the clever menu writer among the soapsuds artists is the man who was fortunate enough to acquire a slight knowledge of or acquaintance with French menu cards. He can successfully camouflage hash and other standbys under the prettiest sounding names, and the funniest part of it is the persons who order the stuff wouldn't eat it under its right name."

"Say, young feller, let's have some roast beef au jardiniere with pommes de terres," he called to the grinning counterman who had been listening in all along.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BRIAR ROOT FROM SICILY.

The best briar roots for making pipes come from Sicily and Calabria; the next best from Corsica. The plant—which is no relation to the briar rose—is a white heather, and the name gets its origin from the French word “bruere” (heather). The plant is so hardy that the axe cuttings take root where they fall and speedily replenish the supply.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT IN FRANCE

It cost \$3,700 to elect M. Alexandre Millerand President of France. Americans who wonder at the huge election budgets of the great American political parties may find the French system better.

When election day comes the French Chamber of Deputies, numbering 600 members, and the French Senate, numbering a little over 300, motor out to Versailles and in the old Assembly Hall of the kings of the country, elect one of their number head of the nation.

The whole affair lasts three hours, costs a little over \$1,000 an hour, and so far as any one can see the President of the country is just as good as if he were chosen by a more expensive process.

THE WORTH OF A TREE

That the welfare of a tree is something to consider is being well illustrated on the Capitol grounds at Denver, Col. In surveying for an underground passageway to connect the State Museum with the new executive building a block distant it was found that an elm tree was in line of the proposed work.

The contractor was for cutting it down, or re-planting it at least. But no, the results of re-planting a tree of any size are not always satisfactory and as trees are being looked upon generally as good citizens, risks are not to be taken. So under painstaking supervision the roots were shored with long timbers, the ends of which rested on the ground at either side of the tunnel line. Under this a platform was then built, suspended basket-fashion from planks and cable spanning the space to provide adequate support.

In excavating for the passageway a generous portion of the earth was left about the roots of the tree so as to assure their nourishment and safe-keeping. Some thirty feet below this suspended trunk the men are digging and cementing and walling the tunnel, and when it is all done the earth will be filled in underneath the platform, the timbers will be removed and life for this elm, it is hoped, will be steadily on.

PLANTED 4,051,000 FISH

In order to insure the reputation of the Yellowstone National Park as the greatest fishing preserve in the United States, the National Park Service, in co-operation with the United States Bureau of Fisheries, carried on the restocking

of the lakes and streams of the Yellowstone last season on a greater scale than ever before. The Government fish hatchery was maintained on Yellowstone Lake during the season with excellent results.

The total collection of eggs of native trout in the park was 5,946,000, which were developed to the stage of eyed eggs and fry, and 2,871,000 of these were returned to the waters of the park and the balance, except, of course, the ordinary losses incident to hatching and transportation, were distributed to points outside the park. In addition to those collected in the park, there were distributed in park waters from outside hatcheries 2,800,000 fry, or a total planting of 4,951,000 fish. This is double the amount of fish planted in 1920. The species were Eastern brook, grayling, rainbow and black spotted trout.

The theory advanced by some to the effect that Yellowstone Lake, the largest lake at an altitude of 7,700 feet in the world, contained insufficient food for the large numbers of native trout which are found in its waters, is not sustained by Professor Richard R. Muttkowski of the University of Idaho, who studied the question of available food supply for fish in park waters.

SEAWEED HARVESTING BIG HOLLAND INDUSTRY

The harvest of the sea is a term commonly applied to the product which fishermen secure from the deep, but it is not generally known that a regular harvest of seaweed is a well-established industry.

A United States Consular report gives an interesting account of the gathering and storing of this harvest in Holland.

In order to obtain the best quality for commercial use, the seaweed is mown from June to August with scythes, as it grows straight and its top nearly reaches the surface of the water.

The mowers work when the tide is low, standing in the water, but clothed in a watertight garment reaching to the shoulders.

Formerly one scythe was used at a time, but now several are fixed to a line, which the workers draw to and fro like a saw above the base of the weed, similar to the process pursued in cutting weeds in the Thames.

The product is spread out on adjacent fields to wither in the sun. When it becomes black it is placed in ditches to soak in water. The fresher the water the blacker the weed turns, and the blacker it is the higher becomes its price.

After a few days in the ditch the weed is again spread on the field, and when thoroughly dry is taken into warehouses, where it is made up by means of a press into bales of about 100 pounds each, ready for market.

The fully-prepared seaweed is chiefly used for filling for mattresses and the like. But during the past twenty years many experiments with seaweed have been made in the Netherlands, during which, it is stated, some fine qualities of gelatine were produced.

TO FISH FOR HURRICANES

Uncle Sam is going fishing for hurricanes with a seine stretching across the Gulf of Mexico and extending a way down into the Caribbean.

This became known when E. H. Bowie, supervising forecaster, and E. B. Calvert, head of the forecast division of the Weather Bureau, outlined plans for spreading an observation net along the entire southern coast of the country.

Masters of oil tankers in the Galveston - Tampico trade, as well as the captains of about 100 other vessels plying the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, according to Messrs. Bowie and Calvert, now are being coached in the art of making accurate observations. These the marines will immediately flash to the nearest Weather Bureau station. In addition, during the hurricane season, according to the plans, two emergency land observers will be stationed on the Gulf, one between Galveston and Corpus Christi and the other at Morgan City, Louisiana.

This storm net once spread, according to the experts, it will be impossible for storms to sweep around the Caribbean and become lost in the expanse of water north of the Yucatan Channel.

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One phase of the measure is of interest. It prescribes that the person taxed must be perfectly sane. Insanity is a perfectly proper excuse for remaining a bachelor past 30 years, and the lack of a wife is not punishable by taxation.

But this measure is a tame one to another amendment along the same line it didn't pass—which provided: \$100 a year tax on all unmarried men and women over 30; \$200 a year on grass widows and widowers; \$500 on pairs married 3 years with no child

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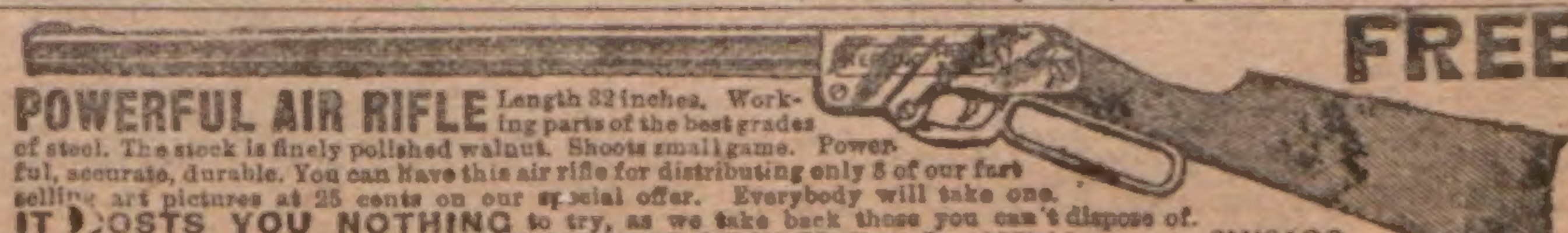
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